

MICHAEL BANTON's most recent book, *Racial and Ethnic Competition*, was published earlier this year.

ALAN BLACKWOOD is the author of *The Performing World of the Singer*, 1981.

PETER BRANSCOMBE is Professor of Austrian Studies at the University of St Andrews.

DAVID BROWNHILL teaches in the English Department at Princeton University.

CHAD BROWN is co-author of *The Book of Royal Lists*, 1982.

RICHARD CALVOCCESI is a Research Assistant at the Tate Gallery. His *Magritte* was published in 1979.

PATRICK CARNEGIE's *Faust as Musician: A Study of Thomas Mann's Novel "Doctor Faustus"* was published in 1973.

RAYMOND CARR is Warden of St Antony's College, Oxford.

JUDITH CHERNAK's novel, *The Daughter*, was published in 1981.

MICHAEL CHURCH is books editor of *The Times Educational Supplement*.

ROGER COOTER's book *The Cultural Meaning of Popular Science* is shortly to be published by Cambridge University Press.

DAVID COWARD's most recent publication is a study of Marivaux's novels, *A Night of Serious Drinking*, 1983.

CLAIRE CROSS's books include *Church and People 1450-1660*, 1976.

EAMON DUFFY is a Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge.

BRIAN FARRELL is a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

TIMOTHY GARTON ASH's book *The Polish Revolution: Solidarity 1980-1982* will be published in November.

HENRY GIFFORD's books include *Tolstoy*, 1982, in the Oxford Past Master Series.

VICTORIA GLENDINNING's biography of Vita Sackville-West will be published later this month.

CHRISTOPHER HAIGH's books include *Reformation and Resistance in Tudor Lancashire*, 1975.

ROGER HARRISON is the author of *Beyond Socialist Realism*, 1965.

WILHELMINE HARROD is joint author of the *Shell Guide to Norfolk*, first published in 1957.

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE's most recent book is *Introducing John Paul II, the Populist Pope*, 1982.

GEOFFREY A. HOSKING is the author of *Beyond Socialist Realism: Fiction since Ivan Demosovich*, 1980.

JONATHAN ISRAEL is Reader in Modern History at University College London.

MERVYN JAMES's books include *A Study of Society, Politics and Mentality in the Durham Region 1500-1640*, 1974.

JAMES JOLL's books include *Intellectuals in Politics*, 1960, and *Gramsci*, 1977.

PETER KEMP's *H. G. Wells and the Culminating Ape* was published earlier this year.

R. J. KNECHT's latest book is *Francis I*, 1982.

ADAM MANS-JONES is the author of a collection of stories, *Lantern Lecture*, 1981.

LUCY NORTON's *The Sun King and his Loves* was published earlier this year.

RICHARD OSBORNE is a contributor to *The Dictionary of Composers*, 1977, and *Opera on Record*, 1979.

DAVID PARKER is the author of *La Rochelle and the French Monarchy - Conflict and Order in seventeenth century France*, 1981.

VIOLET POWELL's *The Constant Novelist: A Study of Margaret Kennedy* was published earlier this year.

HELGE RUBINSTEIN is editing *The Oxford Book of Marriage*.

PETER SEDGWICK is a lecturer in the Department of Politics at the University of Leeds. His *Psycho-Politics* was published in 1982.

SUSAN SONTAG's books include *Styles of Radical Will*, 1969. She is the editor of *A Barthes Reader*, 1982.

FRANCES SPALDING's *Vanessa Bell* has just been published.

J. A. A. STOCKWIN is the author of *Japan: Divided Politics in a Good Economy*, second revised edition, 1982.

IGOR VINIGRADOFF edited the *Correspondence of the Emperor Alexander III and Nicholas II with Prince V. A. Meschersky for the Oxford States Papers*, 1962 and 1964.

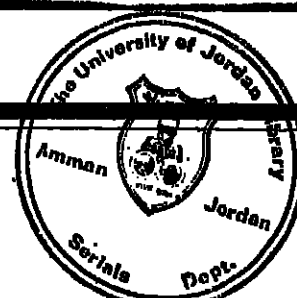
MICHAEL WOOD's *America in the Movies or "Santa Maria I Had Slipped My Mind"* was published in 1975.

LANZER ZIFF is Caroline Donnan Professor of English at Johns Hopkins University. His *Literary Democracy* was published in 1981.

JOHN ZIMAN's most recent book *Puzzles, Problems and Enigmas*, 1982.

ZINGVY ZINIK's novel *Russkaya Shiba* was published earlier this year.

"Among this week's contributors of August 19, 1983, incorrectly stated Charles Nicholl's biography of Thomas Nashe, *A Cup Of News*, had been published earlier this year; in fact the book is due to appear shortly. We apologize for this error.



# TLS

## THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 16 SEPTEMBER 1983 • No 4,198 • 50p

SOUTHERN AFRICA

### James Fitzjames Stephen, the Victorian Hobbes

### Eastern economies

### John Bayley on Angus Wilson's criticism



Backdrop for the ballet *High Yellow* (1932), designed by Vanessa Bell, whose biography by Frances Spalding is reviewed on page 986.

**J. M. Coetzee: from 'Life and Times of Michael K'**  
**White supremacy; Angola, Mozambique; Afrikaner capitalism; South African publishing**  
**Dan Jacobson, Lewis Nkosi, Christopher Hope**  
**G. R. Elton on parliamentary history; letters from Donald Pennington and J. P. Kenyon**  
**Lives: Benjamin Franklin, Vanessa Bell, Colin MacInnes**

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SEPTEMBER 16 1983

Architecture 985

Art 986

Biography 979, 980

Commentary 988-9

Cricket 987

Economics 977

English History 991

Fiction 1001-02

German Literature 999

History of Ideas 975-6

Literature 978, 992, 1000

Natural History 998

Philosophy 1003

Southern Africa 981-3, 993-7

United States 984

## INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

- BAILEY, TREVOR, and others *The Lord's Taverners' Fifty Greatest: The fifty greatest post-war cricketers from around the world* [Alan Ross]
- BLACKALL, ERIC A. *The Novels of the German Romantics* [S. S. Praver]
- BRIGHT, PAMELA *Dr Richard Bright, 1789-1858* [Michael Neve]
- BRINK, ANDRÉ *Mapmakers: Writing in a state of siege* [Lewis Nkosi]
- CAIRNS, RAY, and GLENN TURNER *Glenn Turner's Century of Centuries* [A. L. Le Quesne]
- CARROLL, JOSEPH *The Cultural Theory of Matthew Arnold* [Christopher Baldick]
- CELL, JOHN W. *The Highest Stage of White Supremacy: The origins of segregation in South Africa and the American South* [Kenneth Ingham]
- CHERNIAK, WARREN L. *The Poet's Time: Politics and religion in the work of Andrew Marvell* [Lachlan Mackinnon]
- CLARK, RONALD W. *Benjamin Franklin: A biography* [Arthur Sheps]
- COLAIACO, JAMES A. *James Fitzjames Stephen and the Crisis of Victorian Thought* [Stefan Collini]
- COURTAULD, GEORGE *An Axe, A Spade and Ten Acres: The story of a garden and nature reserve* [Ronald Blythe]
- DE BRAGANÇA, QUINO, and IMMANUEL WALLERSTEIN (Editors) *The African Liberation Reader, Volume I* [Stanley Uys]
- DE VIGNY, ALFRED *Les Destinées* [George Steiner]
- DREWNOWSKI, JAN (Editor) *Crisis in the East European Economy: The spread of the Polish disease* [Philip Hanson]
- EAST, RAY with RALPH DELLOR *A Funny Turn: Confessions of a cricketing clown* [A. L. Le Quesne]
- EPHON, NORA *Hearburn* [Jill Neville]
- ERKINE-HILL, HOWARD and GRAHAM STOREY (Editors) *Revolutionary Prose of the English Civil War* [Sarah Wintle]
- GODLEY, WYNNE, and FRANCIS CRIPPS *Macroeconomics* [Paul Seabright]
- GOLDMAN, MARSHALL I. *USSR in Crisis: The failure of an economic system* [Philip Hanson]
- GOODWIN, JOHN *Birds that Came Back* [Redmond O'Hanlon]
- GOODWIN, KEN *Understanding African Poetry: A study of ten poets* [M. M. Carlin]
- GOSLING, J. C. B., and C. C. W. TAYLOR *The Greeks on Pleasure* [Terence Irwin]
- GOULD, TONY *Inside Outsider: The life and times of Colin MacInnes* [Gavin Ewart]
- GRIFTHS, A. PHILLIPS (Editor) *Of Liberty: Royal Institute of Philosophy lecture series, 15* [Jeremy Waldron]
- HILL, CHRISTOPHER (Editor) *Winstanley: The Law of Freedom and other writings* [Sarah Wintle]
- HILL, CHRISTOPHER, and others *The World of the Muggletonians* [Sarah Wintle]
- HINDE, THOMAS *Stately Gardens of Britain* [Ruth Isabel Ross]
- HUGHES, DAVID *The Imperial German dinner service* [David Montrose]
- KEBLER, MARY FREAR, and others (Editors) *Proceedings in Parliament 1628* [G. R. Elton]
- LAMB, DAVID *The Africans: Encounters from the Sudan to the Cape* [Michael Crowder]
- LEMON, DAVID *Jolynn Won't Hit Today: A cricketing biography of J. W. H. T. Douglas* [A. L. Le Quesne]
- McGINLEY, PATRICK *Fox Prius* [Patricia Craig]
- MCDONALD, PETER *Pulpit Cricket and other stories* [A. L. Le Quesne]
- MARLAR, ROBIN *Decision Against England: The Centenary Ashes 1982-3* [A. L. Le Quesne]
- MARSHALL, PAUL *Prayersong for the Widow* [Mary Kathleen Benet]
- MONDRIAN, EDUARDO *The Struggle for Mozambique* [Stanley Uys]
- MULLINS, EDWIN *Sirens* [Savkar Altin]
- MUNSLAW, BARRY *Mozambique: The revolution and its origins* [Stanley Uys]
- MURPHY, SYLVIA *The Complete Knowledge of Sally Fry* [Hillary Davies]
- OCHSNER, JEFFREY KARL *H. H. Richardson: Complete architectural works* [Charles Jencks]
- O'MEARA, DAN *Volskapitalisme: Class, capital and ideology in the development of Afrikaner nationalism, 1934-1948* [David Welsh]
- PREK, ROBERT MCCracken *A Celebration of Birds: The life and art of Louis Agassiz Puertes* [Redmond O'Hanlon]
- PENTHUS, PIERRE *Rimbaud* [Mark Hutchinson]
- REIZ, DENYES *Commando: A Boer Journal of the Boer War* [Geoffrey Wheatcroft]
- ROBIN, MICHAEL PAUL *Subversive Genealogy: The politics and art of Hernan Melville* [Peter Shaw]
- RUBENS, BERNICE *Brothers* [Carol Rumens]
- SAMPSON, ANTHONY *Drum: An African adventure - and afterwards* [Michael Crowder]
- SANDISON, BRUCE *The Trout Lochs of Scotland: A fisherman's guide* [Anthony Athb]
- SCHLES, ANN *The Proprietor* [Laura Marcus]
- SIMON, ROBIN, and ALASTAIR SMART *The Art of Cricket* [Alan Ross]
- SMITH, NIGEL (Editor) *A Collection of Ramier Writings from the 17th Century* [Sarah Wintle]
- SPALDING, FRANCES *Vanessa Bell* [John Russell]
- TALBOT, ELIZABETH *In Cornish Flight* [Clare Sumner]
- THOMAS, GRAHAM STUART *Trees in the Landscape* [Scott Leathart]
- WALLACE, CATHERINE MILLS *The Design of 'Biographia Literaria'* [Paul Hamilton]
- WILLIAMS, E. M. *Village Cricketers* [P. H. Sutcliffe]
- WILLIAMS, RICHARD ST. *Never at Rest: A biography of Isaac Newton* [Roger Penrose]
- WRECKER, PAUL *Bodyline* [Andrew Hilsop]
- WILKS, BOB, and ALAN LEE *The Captain's Diary: England in Australia and New Zealand 1982-83* [A. L. Le Quesne]
- WILSON, ANOUS *Diversity and Depth in Fiction: Selected critical writings* [John Bayley]
- WOLFE, MICHAEL, and JANE BERGSON *Angola in the Frontline* [Stanley Uys]
- WRIGHT, FRANK LOVING *Letters to Apprentices* [Andrew Saint]
- ZAROWSKI, MARK *Decent Painting* [Simon Digby]
- COMMENTARY
- Theatre: CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON *Tales from Hollywood* [Oliver Theatre] [R. J. Hollingdale]
- BOHO STRAUSS *Great and Small* [Vandeville Theatre] [Michael Hofmann]
- Prize Theatre (Birmingham Festival): [Randall Stevenson]
- The periodical, 3: *Essays in Criticism* [Allan Mackie]
- Author: Author
- A place in the country: J. M. Coetzee
- A way of seeing: Dan Jacobson
- Palace Stairs: a gentle voice: Dorothy Driver
- South African poet: Roy MacIntyre
- Poems by David Swift: Mike Kirkwood
- Leahy on The Making of Modern Freedom: Samuel Menashé and Charles Tortilinson
- Amos: the book's contribution

## The dark views of the Gruffian

Stefan Collini

JAMES A. COLAIACO  
James Fitzjames Stephen and the  
Crisis of Victorian Thought  
266pp. Macmillan. £20.  
0 353 28731 2

Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf's uncle now? Yet "the Gruffian", as James Fitzjames Stephen was known in his youth, was a large and threatening presence in Victorian intellectual life, a formidably blunt, self-consciously hard-headed reviewer and an unrestrained, overtly aggressive polemicist. Indeed, he is now probably best known for one of the most extended of these critical performances, namely his sustained attack on John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty*, published as a book under the title *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity* in 1873, a work which still appears on the more conscientious reading-lists of nineteenth-century political thought. Among legal historians, his three-volume *History of the Criminal Law of England* remains a living monument, and he has a secure place in any account of the development of the legal system of British India. But for the most part, his legal digests aside, his dozen or so books rest undisturbed on library shelves, and the unwary are prone to confuse him with one of the several other James Stephens who crop up so disconcertingly often in nineteenth-century English history.

This new study, which began life as a Columbia PhD dissertation, describes itself as "an intellectual biography": for a full narrative we are still referred to Leslie Stephen's wonderfully readable *Life* of his brother, a book displaying the dry wit and shrewd portraiture combined in this case with a sense of family piety and a command of the relevant intellectual history, which made the younger Stephen the acknowledged master among late-nineteenth-century biographers. James A. Colaiaco's study is arranged thematically, each chapter summarising and to some extent analysing Stephen's views on separate topics such as "The State", "The Criminal Law", and so on. The discussion is thorough and amply documented, making good use of Stephen's abundant periodical writings.

With such an interestingly quotable subject, no book on Stephen could be entirely dull, but it cannot be said that Professor Colaiaco altogether does justice to the intriguing interplay between Stephen's character and his convictions. He tends, understandably, to exaggerate Stephen's intellectual importance, and claims in his preface that Stephen "deserves to be ranked among the great minds of Victorian England". Without endorsing this guide-book hyperbole, one can agree that Stephen was a towering figure, not only on his own account, but also because of the revealingly oblique relationship in which he stood to some of the most cherished of the Victorian educated class's moral and political beliefs.

An episode which reveals the distinctiveness of Stephen's tone and temper particularly well was his response to the once-celebrated campaign against the so-called "Bulgarian atrocities" in 1876. News that the Turks had massacred large numbers of their Christian subjects produced a vociferous campaign of moral protest in Britain, marked by a particularly righteous tone of earnest humanitarianism, and demands that "disregard" government intervene. (Richard Shannon's *Gladstone and the Bulgarian Atrocity*, published just twenty years ago, remains the classic study of this sort of episode.) Colaiaco writes, rightly, if perhaps a little improbably, "Stephen naturally opposed the atrocities, but he was discredited by the way Gladstone could return to power merely by appealing to cheap popular sentiment." But in fact Stephen, like others of his temper on similar occasions at other times, found the self-righteousness of the protestors more disturbing than the news of the distant atrocities. Consider, for example, his remark in a letter (quoted by Shannon but not by Colaiaco): "To say the truth, I never could bring myself to care two straws whether the Bulgarians, Servians, Montenegrins

and others were barbarously treated or not... As to the 'unspeakable atrocities' one does not expect a savage not to use his scolding knife, and the ill-treatment of people a long way off of whom one knows little does not naturally move one. I rather despise an animal faculty of being so moved." This catches the quintessential Stephen (and will correspondingly seem offensive to those types of people whom he always took satisfaction in offending): the highly self-conscious sense of acknowledging a hard and unpopular truth, the slightly stylized honesty, the deliberate choice of the deflating register of everyday speech, the evident relish with which the unpleasant realities are savoured, and the frank hostility to those who affect more delicate moral sensibilities.

It is a voice with only a limited range, but these characteristics made him a sharp and unusual critic of some of the moral platitudes of his time. He was not willing, for example, to allow Mill or other optimistic social theorists the benefit of support from any easy assumptions about progress.

I think that progress has been mixed, partly good and partly bad. I suspect that in many ways it has been a progress from strength to weakness: that people are more sensitive, less entertaining and ambitious, less earnestly desirous to get what they want, and more afraid of pain, both for themselves and others, than they used to be. If this should be so, it appears to me that all other gains, whether in wealth, knowledge, or humanity, afford no equivalent.

This is far from amounting to a Nietzschean subversion of established values, to be sure, but nor is it just Carlyle-and-water, and it was certainly not the normal patter of the Victorian leader-writer.

There were, of course, pretty narrow limits to Stephen's divergence from the moral certainties of his day. The enemy was not, not Kant. This comes out in his judgments about literature, a subject which, the specimens quoted here suggest, he could with advantage have left to his brother. He was among the most savage critics of Dickens, "sentimental radicalism" for example, while at the same time concurring in the general outrage at the immorality of *Madame Bovary*. He found the adulteress's character "one of the most disgusting that we have ever happened to meet with... The notion of duty or responsibility never seems to cross her mind." As befitted a descendant of Clapham Sect Evangelicalism who had only half broken with the family's religious tradition, his own sense of duty was highly developed. He was not a man characteristically beset by moral

doubt, and his recipe for difficult cases often seems to have been little more than a kind of shoulders-back stoicism.

In his prose, even more than in that of most of his contemporaries, the adjectives clustered around "manly" and "courageous" are constantly contrasted with those in the "effeminate/sentimental" group. To whine about the existence of irremediable pain was "sentimental"; burdens always have to be "shouldered"; difficulties "faced up to". Stephen had more than a little of the school-bully-turned-prefect in his make-up, and he seems to have found a deep gratification in the contemplation

of suffering rightfully inflicted as well as of suffering nobly endured. He tended to make rather a fetish of his tough-mindedness, which was perhaps only a different form of that moral exhibitionism which he so despised in self-righteous reformers. In all these ways, he was an exponent *avant la lettre* of the "no bullshit" bullshit.

The translation of this style and temperament into a set of political attitudes that has come to be called "conservative" was a complex matter. Certainly he had no love of tradition for its own sake. Indeed, his sympathies were at least as much Benthamite as Burkean, and this did not merely reflect an intellectual preference for system; he was no uncritical admirer of the French Revolution, "but we infinitely prefer the Rights of Man to the doctrines of de

Maistre and Bonald, or even to [Bossuet's] *Politique tirée de l'Ecriture Sainte*". Until he became disgusted with Gladstonian demagoguery, he called himself a Liberal, and twice unsuccessfully stood for Parliament as one. He had no doubt, however, that good government was preferable to self-government: he saw no virtue in auctioning off the achievements of civilization to the bidder who could raise the highest number of ignorant votes.

Although the chief tendencies of Stephen's political thought can be discerned in his earliest articles for the *Saturday Review* in the mid-1850s, it



of suffering rightfully inflicted as well as of suffering nobly endured. He tended to make rather a fetish of his tough-mindedness, which was perhaps only a different form of that moral exhibitionism which he so despised in self-righteous reformers. In all these ways, he was an exponent *avant la lettre* of the "no bullshit" bullshit.

Stephen later reflected that "India has been a sort of second university course to me", and it certainly led him further away from the political thought of John Stuart Mill whose *Logic* and, later, *Political Economy* had been his talisman during his formal university education. It was in fact on the voyage home from India in 1872 that he wrote the series of articles attacking Mill which were republished in book form the following year as *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*. Like several other contemporary critics, Stephen had no quarrel with Mill's earlier systematic writings, and even the later works still revealed much common ground: they shared, for example, a similar concern about safeguarding the role of expertise in representative government (Mill's own, very different, experience of helping to govern India played its part here). But his attack, as he explained to his sister, was on those of Mill's books which expressed his "sentimental mood", or, as he put it in *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity* itself, "the great defect of Mr Mill's later writings seems to me to be that he has formed too favourable an estimate of human nature".

## Towards the end of a Novel of 1910: A Passionate Outburst

For nearly a full year these were the words I dearly longed to hear! I love you - when you said them in the conservatory, with the clashing billiard balls just audible, and later the doornail and the springing of the key, as it were spreading the news, for from that little statement grows a great volume of sound, church choir, responses, vows, vows and vows!

I waited so very long for those few stuttering notes to burst into song! I love you - from the prominent bosom and the narrow-waisted gown that constricted your softness, I accepted it, that sigh from your head on my shoulder, like a waft of cigar scent on some dark summer terrace it favoured the warmth of the night, giving rise to events, a smoke message, important!

I had faith and belief, like a beleaguered town that daily expects relief! I love you - I knew I should hear it from the finger-traced lips and I revolved it in the glass, dark brown brandy in the glass, a pleasure to come, a delight to be savoured, a future enclosed in a phrase, so we could go forward like trains at signals glowing!

Gavin Ewart

For Stephen, nicely characterized by Colaiaco as "a Hobbes of the nineteenth century", the selfishness, laziness, and ignorance of the mass of mankind made Mill's optimism about the ideal of self-development for all seem dangerously utopian. At a time when notions of altruism were doing a lot of work in political argument, Stephen was refreshingly unwilling to allow such language to disguise the inescapable conflicts of political life. In the same vein, his response to Rousseau's expressions of love for mankind was "keep your love to yourself and do not daub me or mine with it". He preferred a cooler idiom: "It is not love that one wants from the great mass of mankind, but respect and justice."

Given this basic antipathy to the temper, which informs much of Mill's later writing, it is understandable that Stephen should become impatient with some of the finer points of the argument of *On Liberty*. The conclusion of his account of Mill's discussion of whether the prostitute or



the broiled-keeper, or neither, should be prosecuted is a fair specimen of the bluff style: "I do not think the State ought to stand bandying compliments with pimps." The same aggressively know-nothing manner is evident in his handling of Mill's analysis of whether Pontius Pilate had unwarrantedly interfered with freedom of thought and expression in executing Christ. Stephen looks at the question through the windows of Government House: Pilate's first duty was to maintain order, and to have left Christ at liberty would have been "to run the risk of setting the whole province in a blaze". For the most part, however, the book maintains a rather more impressive level of argument, and it has become the classic source for the claim that it is the proper function of the criminal law to enforce the established moral code of society.

Stephen had no reservations of a libertarian kind about entrusting this task to the law. In his view, the criminal law should properly be regarded as "the organ of the moral indignation of

mankind". Underlying this view was the fact that for Stephen the law had an emotional resonance that amounted almost to reverence. It had just those qualities most lacking in "sentimental" politics: it was impartial, severe, exact. Moreover, which of our institutions, he asked in his most provoking manner, "can have a greater moral significance than those by which men are rightfully, deliberately, and in cold blood, kill, enslave, and otherwise torment their fellow-creatures?" For obvious reasons, he liked to emphasize the retributive element in the criminal law, just as he made a point of endorsing the elemental satisfaction the public derived from seeing a criminal severely punished. "Murderers are hung with the approval of all reasonable men." His dark view of the human passions was summed up succinctly in one of his best-known epigrams: "The criminal law stands to the passion of revenge in much the same relation as marriage to the sexual appetite." As a judge he was noted for his leniency.

It is easy to underestimate Stephen. Some of his articles do sound all too like the Captain of the Fifteen's peep at the Big Match, and that is not a tone we normally think of as being in short supply in Victorian moral reflection. But he was the master of this vocabulary, not its prisoner, and out of it he fashioned a robust philosophy of life which could on occasion provide a very effective challenge to the earnest high-mindedness of some of his morally more fastidious contemporaries. There is some justice in his being remembered above all as Mill's opponent, and not just because he always seemed most comfortable in an adversarial stance. It is also right to let his more famous niece have the last word. Seeing the old unbeliever dutifully escorting his wife to church on Sundays, the younger Stephens were said to have remarked, irreverently but not altogether inaccurately: "He has lost all hopes of Paradise, but he clings to the wider hope of eternal damnation."



A Bible stall at St Giles' Fair, Oxford, in the 1890s, reproduced from A Hundred Years Ago by Colin Ford and Brian Harrison (335pp. Allen Lane/Penguin, £10.0 14 00 6711 6).

## Without interference

Jeremy Waldron

A. PHILLIPS GRIFFITHS (Editor)

Of Liberty: Royal Institute of Philosophy Lecture Series, 15  
233pp. Cambridge University Press, £9.95  
0 521 27415 X

Two questions dominate the modern debate about liberty, but only one of them was posed by John Stuart Mill. His question is a very familiar one: when is it right or permissible for a society to interfere with the liberty of its individual members? His answer is also familiar: only when the individual's actions threaten harm to other members of the society. The other question is more abstract and more difficult: what is liberty and what are its limits? It is the question which the nineteenth-century liberal philosophers, and the demands and pressures of society, but some of the answers that have been put forward to the second question, more in the tradition of Rousseau than that of Mill or the English philosophers, invite us to consider again and more deeply what freedom and community may have to offer to one another.

Although, as the title indicates, the fourteen lectures published in this volume are stimulated by and indebted to Mill's famous essay *On Liberty*, the majority are concerned with the second question or three of the lectures address problems posed by Mill's work, the volume should not be regarded, nor is it intended, as a contribution to the modern debate about the interpretation of *On Liberty*. Of those who do address Millian themes, D. A. Lloyd Thomas is concerned with the conception of liberty which lies behind the idea of "harm to others". In Mill's famous principle; Martin Hollis discusses the problems in social choice theory which underlie the apparently unsystematic exceptions to the principle of *laissez faire* in Mill's writings on political economy, and the different images of the economic agent which emerge from different parts of Mill's work; and Alan Ryan, in masterly fashion, surveys the connections between theories of liberty and systems of property before bringing Mill's conception of liberty to bear on the sort of private-property system recently championed by Robert Nozick. These are three helpful and competent pieces of work.

For the rest, the best pieces are those which avoid Mill altogether. Those others that make use of *On Liberty* betray a disconcerting insensitivity to the subtlety and depth of Mill's arguments. One example will suffice: Mill assessed again and again that he had concerned himself too much with the threat to individual liberty posed by social pressure and mass conformity, than with political tyranny and legal compulsion. For some reason, this is usually overlooked and so too is the important connection to establish between *On Liberty* and Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*. When it is noticed in these lectures, the point is rudely pushed aside (though Lloyd Thomas is an honourable exception).

D. D. Raphael tells us that "it is really impossible to suggest a principle for limiting the exercise of social pressure" and proposes to treat Mill's argument as though it concerned only the discernible simplicities of positive law; and J. P. Day tells us that Mill's concern about social liberty indicates the extent to which "he lacked our sad experience of how coercive governments can be". It is distressing to see these modern philosophers trying to hammer back the wedge between political and social theory which Mill, like all the great thinkers of the nineteenth century, had striven so mightily to dislodge.

This brings us to the second of the questions I began with. What is freedom and what counts as an attack on it? Day's preoccupation with political coercion represents the negative answer to this question: freedom is a matter of the absence of any external restriction on our behaviour, that simple equation is challenged by some of the more considerable pieces in this volume. Roger Scruton outlines a connection that might be made between freedom

and custom: freedom, he believes, involves the ability to discriminate among one's desires and that in turn may involve the development of a settled sense of one's self that cannot be created afresh in a cultural and institutional vacuum. Kenneth Minogue argues that political freedom involves the exercise in a community of certain skills—most notably, the skill of sustaining a social order that is regarded by citizens in the way that players regard the rules of a game. Since these skills are not easily acquired, we should not regard freedom, any more than we regard patriotism or a living tradition of literature, as the automatic and immediate birthright of every society on earth.

David Cooper's lecture, "The Free Man", is, in my opinion, the best in the book. He takes a view of freedom that has been generally lampooned in the literature—the Stoic or, as he calls it, "Promethean" sense in which a man may be free even though he is in chains—and he explores its connection with those positive theories which identify freedom with a certain sort of virtue,

the virtue of rational self-control. Since Isaiah Berlin wrote "Two Concepts of Liberty", the objections to these theories have become very familiar: they are persuasive redefinitions of "liberty", they presuppose a disreputable metaphysics of the self; they have totalitarian tendencies; they are an insult to those who have to live in the shadow of tyranny. (These objections crop up also in Antony Flew's piece which attacks a book, *Freedom and Liberation*, written by Benjamin Gibbs. Of that piece I can say little except to wonder, as Gibbs does in his reply, at the intensity of Flew's invective and the unfairness of his representation of Gibbs's arguments.) Cooper considers all these objections and argues that they have been accepted much too easily. The charge of persuasive definition assumes historical priority for the negative meaning of "liberty"; the accusation of disreputable metaphysics assumes the intelligibility of the empiricist view of the self as a mere bundle of desires; the worry about totalitarian tendencies assumes that there can be no basis for attacking tyranny and barbarism apart from

one's conception of freedom; and the suggestion that it is insulting to tell man in chains that he is free assumes that the Stoic would always have a reason for doing this. Once they are exposed, all these assumptions seem suspect and their removal deflates much of the rhetoric associated with negative liberty.

There are four pieces in this volume which I have not mentioned: Hilary Steiner offers a method for assessing quantities of negative freedom; L. J. Lustgarten makes a plea for liberty on behalf of ethnic communities rather than individuals; Peter Gardner explores libertarian qualms about compulsory education; and Jack Lirio argues that nothing but utility counts as a justification for modern state paternalism. These are interesting pieces, for they indicate the extent of modern philosophical concern about the application of abstract principles to freedom to concrete social problems. It is in this practical concern, rather than any preoccupation with simple libertarian principles, that the volume acknowledges its debt to John Stuart Mill.

statements in Arnold's writings, be it only to discredit them.

A further restriction in the range of this book is signalled in the introduction, where Carroll dismisses the conflict between elitism and democracy in Arnold's thought as "a peripheral issue". The full extent of Arnold's conception of culture, in its political, educational and social applications, is not, despite the promise of the title, the subject of the book. Carroll is concerned more narrowly with that pattern of oscillations between general "tendencies" which Arnold depicts as the shape of Western cultural development. Confined to the notoriously remote level of abstraction at which Arnold sketched these patterns, and undisturbed by the confused alarms of struggle and flight from the darkling plain below, the search for internal consistency in his thought can proceed more smoothly, but at the heavy price of losing touch with Arnold the educational reformer and political animal.

Within these limits, this is a painstaking and scholarly exposition of Arnold's doctrine of alternating cultural epochs, which collates all the relevant statements in careful detail. So thorough is it in this respect that the momentum of Carroll's own argument is often selflessly sacrificed, and refuses to gather weight. In particular, little is offered to show that Arnold's history of the vagaries of the Western mind is not what it has always seemed: a scheme rather than a theory.

The second half of Carroll's work investigates Arnold's debts to English neoclassicism and to Lessing, Goethe and Heine. Frequently and fairly rebuking him for his injustices to Lessing in the cases of Addison and Heine, towards his intellectual creditors, the chapter on the German cultural-critics is a good deal sharper than the rest of the book, and the section on Heine (a strangely neglected

figure in Arnold studies) is particularly useful, the links which Carroll proposes between Arnold and English neoclassicism are often tenuous, and although it is worth being reminded that the phrase "an age of prose" is not entirely derogatory, what emerges most strongly from this survey is Arnold's readiness to indulge sweeping Romantic prejudices about the eighteenth century, even in those writings which Carroll sees as finally harmonizing his Romantic and neo-classical moods.

It is in that moment of final harmony that the problem of this book, the Carroll maintains that Arnold's late synthesis of Hellenism and Heineism overcomes his early distress, resolves the conflict between reason and history; resolves it, that is, to Arnold's own satisfaction. Whether it resolves anything outside Arnold's head, though, is the fundamental critical question. Carroll's work is precise and fully informed effort to reconstruct what Arnold would have believed the synthetic nature and redeeming importance of his one doctrine to be, but this is an approach quite distinct from "the effort" as Arnold put it, "to see the thing as it is, self it really is".

A facsimile of Dr Louis Loew's 1980 edition of the *Diaries of Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore* with an introduction by Raphael Loew and a new index by Walter Schwab (640pp. £15). Available from its publisher, The Jewish Historical Society of England, 33 Seymour Place, London W1P 5AP, 33 Seymour Place, Museum, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, London WC1H 0EP. The diaries describe Montefiore's participation in his Jewish society's travels to exotic countries, the official spokesman for Anglo-Jewish affairs, in particular, his struggle for international recognition of Jewish rights.

## ECONOMICS

# The Western disease in the East

Philip Hanson

MARSHALL I. GOLDMAN  
*U.S.S.R. in Crisis: The Failure of an Economic System*  
210pp. Norton. £11.25.  
0 300 01715 X

JAN DREWNOWSKI (Editor)  
*Crisis in the East European Economy: The Spread of the Polish Disease*  
177pp. Croom Helm. £11.95.  
0 859 08261 1

Social crises are best identified afterwards, by historians. The ability of economists and political scientists to grasp the significance of current changes is limited, and our capacity for reliable prediction of future changes, except in trivial matters, is zero. When Western specialists on the Soviet and East European economies start producing books with the word "crisis" in the title, it is not, therefore, a bad idea to begin by asking what all the fuss about it really is so unlikely that the end of the century without drastic institutional change? Are Soviet citizens suffering in the 1980s anything approaching the horrors they experienced in the 1930s? Is it obvious that the current disorder of the Eastern economies is more profound than that of the Western economies? Personally, I would answer no to all these questions, and would therefore be about calling the current economic state of the region a crisis. Only in the case of Poland, where national income fell by more than a quarter in 1979-82, is the word measurable.

It is clear, all the same, that the European members of the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance (the Soviet Union, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Hungary, Poland and Romania) are in a serious economic condition, and it is clear how they will get back to normal and clearly perceptible in real per capita GNP. The

same could be said of the older capitalist economies of Western Europe and North America, but we are stagnating at a higher level and, by and large, for different reasons. This is enough to justify book-length studies of current communist economic difficulties. The international political importance of the subject, moreover, makes it desirable that some of these studies should appeal to other than specialist readers. The books under review, by Marshall I. Goldman and Jan Drenowski, are therefore opportune. Goldman's is unashamedly "popular", while some of the essays in the Drenowski volume may be hard going for the non-economist. On the other hand, Drenowski and his contributors cover the region as a whole, with particular attention to Poland, Romania and the Soviet Union, while Goldman focuses more narrowly on the latter.

Professor Goldman is associate director of the Russian Research Center at Harvard but writes more in the style of a practitioner than an academic. He is chatty, anecdotal and not afraid to generalize. When so much expert analysis of the Soviet economy is about to be written, it is not, in my conclusion, so often wrong—there is no good reason for objecting to anecdotes. Goldman is knowledgeable and *U.S.S.R. in Crisis* contains many shrewd arguments. It seems, however, to have been produced in too much of a hurry. We are told, for instance, that "the growth of total productivity in Soviet agriculture rose at a reasonably rapid rate from 1951 to 1960" (page 78), when the author undoubtedly meant to refer to a rate of growth, not a rate of acceleration. Twenty pages later an estimate of the black-economy share of GNP is attributed to Gregory Grossman. In a review in *Fortune* magazine, Grossman has pointed out, mildly, that he did not make such an estimate and does not consider it feasible to do so. On page 63 the Soviet planners are credited with importing over a ton of meat per head of the Soviet population per annum rather than, as the next page correctly indicates, about a kilogram.

These are unfortunate blemishes in a book which treats Soviet economic problems sensibly and shrewdly. Goldman argues that the Soviet economy has in the past few years been in a state akin to a recession and that this state of affairs is, if anything, more likely to deteriorate than to improve. He does not rate the chances of effective economic reform very highly, and his main theme is that the Soviet social system lacks the capacity for piecemeal but substantial institutional change. He wisely does not rule out "muddling through", but on the whole he judges Soviet economic prospects to be poor.

Goldman has not previously subscribed to the view that the Soviet economy was in serious trouble. Nor have the contributors to the Drenowski volume. Indeed several of them have in the past drawn attention to the strength of the Soviet system in generating rapid growth. Now, however, Peter Wiles suggests that real Soviet per capita consumption has recently fallen; Michael Ellman argues that real per capita national income did not grow in 1979-81; Alec Nove, more cautiously, notes that investment may not have been rising. In sum, they take a dimmer view of recent Soviet economic performance than do the analysts at the CIA—a development which few would have predicted three years ago.

The keystone of the Drenowski book is a lengthy chapter by Mario Nuti. It provides one of the clearest and most comprehensive accounts available of the Polish economic crisis (up to early 1982). In its recent enfeeblement, Poland is the Britain or Italy of the communist world—only worse. Stanislaw Gomulka's chapter is an assessment of the extent to which the "Polish disease" is systemic and infectious—a question also considered by Wiles and Stephen Barker. Alan Smith provides an informative chapter on Romania.

The authors reviewed here agree that the region's economic ills are largely its own achievement. The Western world's recession has played a part, but not a dominant part. The Soviet Union and Poland, accordingly, benefited from the two big jumps in the relative price of energy. A decline in

the growth of the labour force and the depletion of the more accessible reserves of fuel and minerals account for much of the Soviet slow-down. This in turn has combined with the West's economic turmoil to make life harder for the smaller East European economies. At the same time, as Gomulka puts it, the existing system inhibits "desirable qualitative changes, crucial among which are the technological innovation and political democratisation".

There are only two ways, in Gomulka's view, in which the necessary price and wage changes can be made acceptable to East European populations: an economic decentralization which would diffuse responsibility from the government to "the market"; and a political decentralization which would involve the people in making decisions. He judges the former to be the more likely.

Drenowski argues that political democratisation will suffice. Economic analysis cannot, he contends, account for the deterioration in the region's economy. There has been, he says, a deterioration of "economic tissue": of the level of honesty, effort and acceptance of authority which the economist takes as given when assessing economic performance. This deterioration he attributes to the general suppression of truth, of open discussion, and of equity (in appointments, promotions, bonuses and the like). Other economists, especially Albert Hirschman and Janos Kornai, have said more on these matters than Drenowski allows, but that does not make his argument any less important.

Drenowski's thesis is probably untestable and quite possibly right. Several of Goldman's anecdotes pick up the note of cynicism and apathy that now seems to characterize Soviet society. The country in the Soviet bloc where that note is less audible is Hungary. And Hungary is remarkable for more than its semi-market economic reforms: the government has stopped falling the opponents' and public disapproval is not so very far from being free.

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## HARVARD







## By power of observation

Michael Neve

PAMELA BRIGHT  
Dr Richard Bright, 1789-1858  
312pp. Bodley Head. £12.95.  
0 370 304474 8

Medical families are famous for going on to produce other medical families as if at least some part of the medical profession (its elite) should be founded on the most elementary propositions of biological inheritance, and as if the practice of medicine itself becomes one way of keeping things in the family—the extended family of past generations of doctors. Inheritance can then shade into mystique, which in turn shades into a historically based idea of authority. One result of this keeping of the skeletons in the cupboard—and the keys in the hands of direct descendants—is the continuing paucity of medical biography, especially in the unfairly dismissed "popular" genre, is just hagiography. The history distressingly replicates the genes, to produce a weak hybrid of Whiggish progressivism, employing a stifened language of formal adulation that takes its lead from that locus classicus of what Christopher Ricks has called "inordinate reticence", the Victorian obituary.

Particularly when dealing with Victorian medical practitioners, and indeed with Victorian scientists seeking to infiltrate high culture, biography remains tied to the business of begging questions, and the discovery that there were suicides in the family, or that a famous figure might have stolen ideas and information from now forgotten contemporaries, these condemn the researcher to the unhappy reputation of mere iconoclasm. It was startling, because thought-provoking, to read F. B. Smith's account of Florence Nightingale, published last year. Not only did Smith concentrate on Florence as a fixer, as well as a maker of myths, he could even propose that some of the philanthropic activities of the apparently saintly Mary Carpenter were in fact the work of a sadist. The scientific medical historian and this can sometimes mean someone who does something as mild as recalling the patients' view of things, is fated to

appear as a doubter of fundamental tenets of human decency and concern, a brutal nihilist incapable of the historian's equivalent of bedside manner. There are indeed signs of doctors' past and present, gaining ground in current debates, which is one more reason for looking to the art of medical biography to shed its decaying official tone without then going on to forget that doctors are also patients.

The difficulties that follow from having a descendant write a biography are evident in Pamela Bright's study of Richard Bright (1789-1858), best remembered for the kidney disease to which he gave his name, now known under the more general expression of nephritis. Bright's great-grand-niece, Pamela Bright has been a professional nurse, and is the author of a number of bestsellers on nursing, such as *The Day's End* and *Life in Our Hands*. Welcome as the book must be, simply as the story of an outstanding British clinician at a crucial time in the history of European medicine, it is certainly not a serious study of its subject, and, one may reasonably assume, was not meant to be. There is a good deal of anecdote, much of it bathed in a golden glow, and some of this will be of interest both to a professional and to a wider audience. No seer is intended at the "amateur" author in saying that the important story of Richard Bright (and the implications of the large Bright archive now housed at the University of Melbourne) has yet to be properly established and described.

Richard Bright was born into a prosperous Unitarian family based in Bristol, his father being an almost or that a famous figure might have stolen ideas and information from now forgotten contemporaries, these condemn the researcher to the unhappy reputation of mere iconoclasm. It was startling, because thought-provoking, to read F. B. Smith's account of Florence Nightingale, published last year. Not only did Smith concentrate on Florence as a fixer, as well as a maker of myths, he could even propose that some of the philanthropic activities of the apparently saintly Mary Carpenter were in fact the work of a sadist. The scientific medical historian and this can sometimes mean someone who does something as mild as recalling the patients' view of things, is fated to

observations. He later became famous for his travel writing, particularly a European tour, concentrating on Austria and Hungary, that he published an account of in 1818. Some of the best parts of this, as Pamela Bright shows, describe how a number of British doctors, such as Humphry Davy's brother John, met up with people like Bright in the aftermath of Waterloo. Brussels must indeed have been crowded with triumphant visitors then, the doctors adding their little bit to Vanity Fair. But in Bright's case, a native capacity for natural history research and, more importantly, fine illustration, were as strong in him as any medical capability.



Bright passed his medical career in London, at the Caley Street Dispensary at the London Fever Hospital and then, from 1820, at Guy's Hospital. Along with Thomas Hodgkin (1798-1866) and Thomas Addison (1793-1860), he came to form a diagnostic triad that has become part of medical mythology, one of the "great men of Guy's". After twenty years of work there, he increasingly involved himself in private practice, the only place where money could be made, since most hospital practice was voluntary. Pamela Bright is at her best on this part of his career, mapping out his often uneasy place in the glittering world of the now-knighted Henry Holland's London, and the inevitable encounters with Francis Jeffrey and

Macaulay. (Bright was later to diagnose Isambard Kingdom Brunel as suffering from renal failure.) Even here, her tone gives her away, as when she describes Bright meeting "little Lord John Russell, the idol of the people, now fighting for the cause of education". She is informative on the family life, especially on Bright's children such as William (who became, briefly, a curate in the Church of England), and Franck (who taught at Marlborough and believed in mesmerism and phrenology). But the questions that go begging are the ones that matter, such as money. Historians of medicine over the past decade have begun to establish a framework of relative incomes within the profession. Part of the news is that some doctors made staggering sums of money, from the mid-eighteenth century onwards. Helen Brock has established that William Hunter was a multimillionaire, in current terms. Bright seems harder to pin down. Pamela Bright says that his annual income "rarely exceeded £4000", and that he was astonished to make £6000 in 1850. Macaulay reckoned Bright was earning £10,000 a year. It would be interesting to know more.

The place of Richard Bright in the so-called pathologico-anatomical breakthrough in early nineteenth-century medicine goes unexamined here, perhaps inevitably. He might well have disliked the publicity attached to this claim, but he was clearly seen as having made a major contribution to the "scientific" correlation of sign, symptom and lesion that would lead medicine out of the world of generalized ideas about nervous action that distinguished the medicine of the Enlightenment. (For French historians of science and medicine, this development marks nothing less than a *rupture* with the medical natural laws of eighteenth-century thought, as the normal and the pathological become distinguished on the basis of observable organic disorder. This structuralist idea may well turn out to be nothing more than taking ambitious physicians at their word. Bright's *Reports of Medical Cases* of 1827 and 1831 became classics in this field.)

The question that remains left to be answered is what exactly these brilliant descriptions altered when it came to therapeutics, and medical practice,

and whether the achievement of Bright, in his work on strabismus, kidney, albumen and dropsy, is an achievement of pure description, or almost of aesthetics—rather than part of the genesis of "scientific medicine". But both French and English work of this kind was accorded the scientific label, leaving aside the absorbing question of whether these observations existed quite as much as recordings in medical natural history, as against path-breaking achievements in the mapping of organic lesions.

This does not mean that Bright, as an individual, was completely removed from medical care and effort. Pamela Bright reminds us that he nearly died from the fever he was treating at the London Fever Hospital. It does mean that the history of pathological description may be seen as closer to the Enlightenment tradition of natural historical observation than nineteenth-century doctors cared to admit, and that the claim for an innovative and novel medicine, that was, as it were, post-ideological, is a historical manoeuvre that intellectual historians, Foucault and Bachelard not least, have too easily rejected. It was a Frenchman, P.F.O. Rayer, who insisted on calling it "Bright's disease", and many of the claims for science and scientificity are French in origin. The slight House and the Paris school of medicine, needs to be examined again, to see what kinds of authenticity it granted to ambitious doctors, how both sides of the Channel, after Waterloo.

From this study, Richard Bright seems diffident, capable both of imitation and deep respect (for men like William Babington), while also being a hard-working Whig elitist with a mind of his own. This portrait biography indicates that he is too important to be left to his descendants. Apart from some unnecessary bowdler ("Blumenhael" for Blumenbach, and "Leuwenhoek" substituting oddly for Leeuwenhoek) Pamela Bright has left aside the question of what Richard Bright's importance consists in. She makes the Whig idea of history into a form of family secret, leaving the narrow genius of Richard Bright's observations, and their confinement to a world of well-heeled, theoretical brilliance, as important and yet as puzzling as ever.

## By power of calculation

Roger Penrose

RICHARD S. WESTFALL  
Never at Rest: A Biography of Isaac Newton  
908pp. Cambridge University Press. Paperback £12.50.  
0 521 27435 4

Isaac Newton's achievements as a scientist have never been surpassed, or, perhaps, equalled. As a mathematician he had such power, insight and originality that he must rank among the greatest of all time. As a scientist, theorist, likewise, he had few peers. He was in addition an outstanding experimenter, constructing his experiments with great ingenuity and performing his measurements with extraordinary care and precision. Yet his personal qualities were such that he emerges as less easy to identify with than many of the other great figures of science. He was secretive, disagreeable, irascible, impetuous, and proud. Though a supreme searcher after truth, he pursued it almost exclusively in order to gratify himself, and had little interest in conveying the fruits to others. Moreover, he did not regard his work in mathematics and physics as his primary concern; he spent many of his best years in a feverish devotion to alchemy and to the development of a theory of prophecy that he believed would be revealed by a study of ancient religious writings. He was undoubtedly a complex and in many ways paradoxical character. However, we should say today, highly neurotic.

In the preface to his remarkable biography of Newton, now out in paperback, Richard Westfall confesses that in the twenty years devoted to this work, "The more I have studied him, the more Newton has receded from me." Yet, having read this book, I felt that for the first time I could begin to come to terms with Newton as a consistent and believable personality. Professor Westfall is to be congratulated on distilling from his twenty years of research and documentation a character of power and plausibility.

One of Newton's most striking characteristics was his ability to throw himself completely into whatever activity he considered to be his most vital, current interest. In his early Cambridge years this interest was mathematics, and then physics. He had, respectively, worked out all the essentials of calculus and series expansion before he was twenty-four. The remarkable insight that the earth's gravity extended to the moon, and the inference from Kepler's third law that gravity acted as an inverse square force, dates from about this time, as did the basis of his theory of colour. By the age of twenty-eight he had presented his reflecting telescope to the Royal Society, been elected to its Fellowship, and had published his first paper, on the theory of colour. But by then he had already begun to throw himself with fervour into the study of alchemy and theology. He seemed to lose almost all interest in physics or mathematics until a letter from Hooke, about eight years later, in 1679, started a chain of events which finally resulted in the publication of the *Principia*.

To a marked extent, personal friction governed Newton's willingness to publish his results. A reluctance to

present ideas to the public, perhaps because of an anticipated lack of appreciation or a fear of stirring up controversy, is not uncommon among original thinkers. Nor is such reluctance inherently unreasonable, in view of the intrinsic difficulty in expressing fundamentally new ideas correctly and in ways that are unlikely to be misunderstood. But in Newton's case, this reluctance was extreme. Criticisms of his theory of colour (particularly from Hooke) seemed to confirm his fears. He would not allow his mathematical discoveries to be published. He was particularly secretive about the calculus, and this, of course, was to be his undoing when Leibniz published his own calculus ten years after Newton's initial discovery. Hooke's letter of 1679 contained an idea relevant to Newton's subsequent development, in his *Principia*, of a full dynamical theory. Newton's reply contained an error, which was then corrected by Hooke. One gains the impression that this, so ranked with Newton that he was at last drawn back to serious science, Halley was then able to persuade him to publish his ideas as they further developed—and the result was the *Principia*.

Newton was prone to resent those whose ideas had early influenced him. Nor did Hooke, but Descartes also had stirred him to the attack. Not only had he devoted much in the *Principia* to overthrowing Descartes' theory of vortices, but the whole language in which it was clothed constructed a detail of the Cartesian approach to geometry ("the Analysis") of the *Principia*. In Mathematics, it is the return to the elegant but difficult synthetic methods of the ancient Greek geometers, yet when, in a much earlier

letter to Hooke, Newton had used the famous phrase "If I have seen further it is by standing on ye shoulders of Giants", he was evidently, and with sincerity, referring at that time to Hooke and to Descartes.

The publication of the *Principia*, and the acclaim that it brought, seems to have changed Newton's life. He became more sociable and more concerned with worldly rewards. However, his return to alchemical studies after completion of the *Principia* was terminated by a temporary mental breakdown (due in part perhaps to poisoning by mercury or other chemicals, as has been suggested, or perhaps to other factors, for example, the termination of his close friendship with the brilliant young Swiss mathematician, Nicolas Fatio de Duillier). His later years were marred by continual, acrimonious disputes over the calculus, reflecting little credit on any concerned. Newton grew to regret his earlier secrecy with regard to the calculus, and a good half of his fury was flung at Leibniz as a surrogate for his former self who had buried such a jewel in the earth.

The young Newton had been a highly eccentric and unconventional man—who would forgo his meals and work all through the night. Finally he had become Master of the Mint and President of the Royal Society—a pillar of the establishment, often a courteous entertainer and in various ways a generous man; though a hard and strongly principled one; his early seriousness is illustrated by the remark, made by his amanuensis, Humphrey Newton, that in five years he only saw him laugh once—when an acquaintance asked him what use a study of Euclid would be to him.

"Upon which Sir Isaac was very merry". But in later life, according to Stukely "He used a good many sayings, bordering on joke and wit... he was easily made to smile, if not to laugh..."

Though this account is excellent, it has a few minor complaints. I should like to have seen more about the theories that Newton's supporters held. What, for example, were the theories of colour put forward by Hooke or Huygens? What was the prevailing attitude to alchemy at the time? There are occasional inaccuracies (misprints?) in the descriptions of the mathematics. I also find unconvincing the contention that Newton's early experiments on colour required a summer sun at 40° above the horizon. A lower angled beam could easily have been used, for example, by tilting the prism about the axis of the beam. And I should have welcomed some discussion of Newton's view on the principle of "Galilean relativity". A striking early application of this principle by Newton is described on page 147, but passes without comment.

Gregory Bateson: *The Legacy of Science*, by David Lipea. Oxford: Basil Blackwell Press, \$10.50. 0 631 4663 9. This has been released as a paperback. The book is divided into two main sections: "The Batesons of John's College 1859-1922" and "The Invisible Scientist 1922-1980". Each section is then sub-divided under various chapter headings. Since Gregory Bateson died after the publication of the hardback edition David Lipea has added a brief discussion of the last eight months of Bateson's life to the final chapter. An appendix, containing a bibliography and index, are all to be found at the end of the book.

DAN O'MEARA  
Volskaptalism: Class, capital and ideology in the development of Afrikaner nationalism, 1934-1948  
281pp. Cambridge University Press. £22.50.  
0 521 24285 1

To outside observers Afrikaner nationalism has often seemed a conciliatory force, with leaders of legendary forbearance and intransigence. Dan O'Meara is correct in asserting that this is a myth. The story of the rise of Afrikaner nationalism is as much one of splits and rivalries as it is one of painfully cobbled unity. The current disarray among Afrikaner nationalists and the murderous infighting among the rival parties underline the point.

O'Meara's book focuses upon the crucial period after 1934. In that year J.B.M. Hertzog, the founder of the original National Party and prime minister since 1924, opted to fuse his party with J.C. Smuts's South African party. For some Nationalists fusion was too much to swallow, and the Cape Nationalist leader, D.F. Malan, the Cape Nationalist leader, broke away and constituted themselves as a "purified" National Party. The Nationalists rejected fusion with Smuts, regarding him as the "handyman of the Empire". But their decision to split sent years in the political wilderness and much frustration as war-time attempts at Afrikaner reunification were thwarted and divisions among Afrikaners aggravated by powerful extra-parliamentary movements, such as the Ossewabrandwag (Ox-wagon South).

Yet the Nationalists recovered from these vicissitudes, and to everyone's surprise (not least their own) they and their smaller electoral ally, the Afrikaner Party, won the 1948 elections, even if by a narrow margin. In subsequent elections their power was broadened and consolidated.

O'Meara is especially concerned with the ideological transformation of Afrikaner nationalism after 1934 and with the concerted move, initiated in 1939, to establish Afrikaners in the commercial and industrial sectors of the economy, hitherto dominated by the English-speaking whites. Both processes were started by the secret, Afrikaner-Broederbond, a body whose avowed aim was to press for Afrikaner interests and to achieve and maintain Afrikaner unity.

In 1939 an Economic Congress was held at which strategies for the economic salvation of Afrikaners were debated. Basically, Afrikaner capital, mostly from rural sources, was to be mobilized for investment in Afrikaner

enterprise. Several organizations arose out of this congress including the Reddingsdaadbond (act-of-rescue association) whose task it was to collect investment funds and to heighten economic awareness among Afrikaners. As O'Meara shows, much of the capital mobilized in these efforts derived from the Cape, where Afrikaners were relatively more affluent than their Northern counterparts. The life assurance company SANLAM played a central role in the economic movement, enlarging itself and seeing a number of other Afrikaner enterprises. By the 1950s it had become a financial giant.

The plight of Afrikaner workers was also considered. Since the 1930s efforts had been made to "rescue" them from the clutches of the established trade union movement, which the Nationalists viewed as a dangerous threat to the "organic unity" of the Afrikaner people. O'Meara describes these processes in impressive detail. His data are rich, much of them culled from primary sources. He can be faulted occasionally for factual errors, for omissions and for exaggerating the significance of the Reddingsdaadbond, but his survey is valuable, nothing comparably detailed having previously been published in English.

The major problem with *Volskaptalism* is its conceptual approach. Few Marxist writers on South Africa have dealt convincingly with ethnicity, and O'Meara is no exception. His claim to be able to explain Afrikaner nationalism exclusively in terms of shifting class alliances is unconvincing largely because the simplistic view of human nature upon which his analysis rests is unable to explain the intense fervour so often associated with ethnicity. He is scornfully (and unfairly) dismissive of writers who have invoked ethnicity as an explanatory concept. For him Afrikaner nationalism is "an historically specific, often surprisingly flexible, always highly fractured and differentiated response of various identifiable and changing class forces in alliance—to the contradictions and struggles generated by the development of capitalism in South Africa." Ethnicity or "nationalism", if these concepts are to be used at all, become mere encapsulations of class forces that happen to be in alliance.

The cleavage between Afrikaners and English-speaking whites is explained by "the historical trajectory of capitalist development... [that] produced a pattern of ownership of the means of production in which Afrikaner-speaking whites controlled an insignificant proportion of production in all sectors except agriculture." The same trajectory explains why the Afrikaner "petty bourgeoisie" (comprising clergy, teachers, academics, lawyers and journalists in O'Meara's usage) did not make common cause with its English counterpart: they were in a

"structurally different set of roles, alliances, pressures and struggles" that expressed "the widely divergent historical processes which formed the English and Afrikaans-speaking sections of the petty bourgeoisie and the differing class forces with which each was identified and allied". The latter proposition reads suspiciously as if he is smuggling ethnicity into the analysis, but that is not O'Meara's intention.

Presuppositions about the primacy of the relations of production and class are the linchpin of the argument, yet they are asserted rather than proved. A more convincing account of the effects of capitalism in South Africa, in my view, has to consider capitalism's genesis in a matrix with particular institutional, cultural, racial and demographic components. In significant respects capitalism adapted itself to that matrix rather than simply carving its own trajectory. This is not to deny the powerful forces unleashed by an expanding capitalism; nor to rely on a "historicist ethnic concept". Rather this view avers that capitalism by itself does not necessarily create the major fault-line of antagonism in multi-ethnic societies.

O'Meara's preoccupation with class leads him to underplay the autonomous force of Afrikaner ethnicity. Even where it meshed with class interests there was an analytically separable sense of identity which cannot be explained solely or even largely in class terms. His monocausal focus drives him relentlessly to find class underpinnings for particular events or processes, for voting patterns and organizational memberships. For instance, he appears to argue that the original split in 1913-14 in the ruling South African Party (the party of Botha and Smuts) can be explained by the differing class interests of various categories of agriculture. Little hard evidence is produced to show that the split followed a discernible class pattern. There may well have been some tendency for Afrikaner "have-nots" to support Hertzog's new party, but this, has not been conclusively demonstrated. Personal following of the rival leaders seems to have been as important a factor as any other. This can be seen in the predominance of the Orange Free State in the first years of the National Party. This was Hertzog's province and for many Free Staters he was the embodiment of Afrikaner aspirations. Conversely, enduring attachments to Botha and Smuts may well explain why relatively few Transvaal Afrikaners supported Hertzog in the 1915 election.

Similar problems for class analysis arise in O'Meara's treatment of fusion with Smuts's party in 1934, when Afrikaner nationalists split once again. For O'Meara the pattern of the split is again largely explained by class interests, this time Cape agriculture and the Afrikaner petty bourgeoisies of the Cape, Transvaal and Orange Free State following Malan to form the "purified" National Party.

The Cape farmers, according to O'Meara, felt peculiarly threatened by the terms of the economic relationship with Britain, and their strong stand on the question of South Africa's sovereign independence—the basic issue in the dispute over fusion—reflected their direct economic interests. Why farmers in the other provinces, who had suffered severe hardship, did not follow suit is not convincingly explained. Undoubtedly economic issues and their relationship to constitutional questions were pressed by Cape Nationalists, but I am not convinced that these were the primary reason for their resistance to fusion. It is quite plausible to suppose that they were sides used to best potential pro-fusionists into line. There is some evidence to suggest that key Cape Nationalists who followed Malan recognized the probable material advantages that fusion would bring to the thousands of struggling Afrikaners. Yet they considered it politically disastrous, an act of treason to right-minded Afrikaners.

Why was this so? An alternative to the class explanation might be found in other factors that were peculiar to the Cape: a political tradition that was intensely suspicious of coalitions with ideologically dissimilar parties; a stable, mature Afrikaner "establishment", which ensured that Cape Afrikaner politics were not prone to the volatility that has always characterized Transvaal politics; the influence of the daily Nationalist newspaper *Die Burger*, which staunchly opposed fusion; and finally, and perhaps most important of all, the towering influence of the Cape Nationalist leader, D.F. Malan, who, after some hesitation, came out roundly against it.

O'Meara runs into further problems in seeking to attach class labels to other significant organizations. He asserts, for example, that the Broederbond was "an exclusively petty bourgeois organisation". If he is referring to the membership of its executive committee, he is correct. If, however, he is referring to the total membership of the organization, he is wrong: according to the Broederbond's own figures 55 per cent of its members between 1918 and 1941 were drawn from farming and teaching.

Similarly, in discussing the Ossewabrandwag, O'Meara claims that its rivalry with the National Party derived from what were effectively the different class bases of the two groups, the bulk of the Ossewabrandwag's support coming not from farmers but from "the rural and urban petty bourgeoisie". He cites no evidence to substantiate his claim. The reminiscences of members

suggest that he is incorrect; and that farmers were members in just as large numbers as other categories of Afrikaners.

While there is much to commend in O'Meara's account of the Economic Movement inaugurated by the Broederbond in 1939, I question its central hypothesis that the Broederbond's nationalism had an economic basis, and that the Afrikaners' economic struggle "was clearly recognised as the central aspect of its struggle in other spheres". It is true that the economic ravages of the early 1930s had focused attention on the "Poor White" problem and that this had led to a more general concern with the economic advance of Afrikaners. But this new concern remained underpinned by the wider political and cultural concerns of nationalism. Broederbond spokesmen repeatedly asserted that the economic liberation of Afrikaners was a vitally necessary complement to their political liberation—but that is a different proposition from claiming that their nationalism had an economic basis. If anything it was the other way around.

Dan O'Meara's contention in his conclusion that the Afrikaner capitalist class is dominant in current Nationalist politics is unproven. Indeed, it is likely to elicit peals of laughter from those very capitalists. Throughout *Volskaptalism* O'Meara is inclined to conflate economic and political power so that provincial parties and individual leaders become little more than the ciphers of particular class alliances. To suppose that any Nationalist prime minister, from Hertzog to Botha, could be seen in these terms is absurd.

Although this book is vulnerable to serious criticism, it should not be dismissed as worthless. In addition to its rich data, its hypotheses are provocative and challenging. It will leave its mark on studies of Afrikaner nationalism, even if only because its critics will now be forced to look more carefully at what role class actually did play.

*Man and Environment in Zimbabwe* (200 pp. Paperback, £6.50; 0 7190 0896 4) is edited by J.D.Y. Peel and T.O. Ranger and published by the Manchester University Press in association with *Africa*, the journal of the International African Institute. Focusing on the relation between past and present in areas crucial to an understanding of Zimbabwean politics and society today, it reflects *Africa's* interdisciplinary approach, involving the social sciences as well as history. P.S. Garlake discusses the changing ideological significance of the ruins of Great Zimbabwe. Terence Ranger the manipulation of chieftaincy as a means of political control. There are also papers by Tony Rich, A.P. Cheater, B.H. Kinsey and Robert B. Selman, and a review-article by Gavin Williams.

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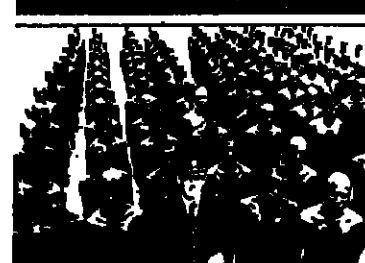
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## In the general view

### Michael Crowder

DAVID LAMB

*The Africans: Encounters from the Sudan to the Cape*  
363pp. Bodley Head, £12.50.  
0 370 30968 5

ANTHONY SAMPSON

*Drum: An African Adventure - And Afterwards*  
New edition  
224pp. Hodder and Stoughton.  
Paperback, £6.95.  
0 340 33383 9

After four years as editor of *Drum*, the Johannesburg magazine for Africans that was destined to be avidly read as far afield as Nairobi and Accra, Anthony Sampson concluded in 1953 that the chief lesson he had learned was "that Africans were as varied and complicated as any other people".

After nearly five years in Kenya as Africa correspondent of the *Los Angeles Times*, from 1976 to 1980, David Lamb sadly appears not to have been taught that same lesson. His book *The Africans* is full of the worst kind of generalizations about Africa and Africans, and is peppered with so many platitudes, contemporary and historical inaccuracies, bizarre judgments, half-truths and irrelevant pieces of sensationalism designed to titillate the non-African reader, that the good points he does have to make become obscured. Indeed it would not ordinarily be worth devoting a review to a book of this quality were it not for the fact that it is likely to be given some credence. Lamb, who seems to see himself as a latter-day John Gunther, is backed by two distinguished publishers, Random House in the United States and The Bodley Head in Britain; he has been a Nieman Fellow of Harvard University; and the book has already been praised by the *New York Times Book Review* as "an essential reading for an understanding of modern-day Africa".

Lamb sets out to explain to us "What is Africa and who are the Africans?" He restricts these two concepts to sub-Saharan Africa since he alleges that the "Five Moslem countries to the north share little politically or economically with the rest of contemporary Africa" - a judgment that sounds hollow in the context of Libya's invasion of Chad and the near break-up of the Organisation of African Unity over the question of the admission of the Saharan Arab Democratic Republic to membership. Having thus defined the Africa he is writing about he proceeds to make some strange geographical assertions about it. One of its main problems is defined early on as "the inescapable heat that numbs the mind and drains the vitality", as though on his 300,000 miles of travel through the continent he did not notice its wide variations of temperature and climate. Much later, however, he tells us that "most of sub-Saharan (sic) Africa is blessed with a favourable climate... and could become a multi-billion dollar vacation land for tourists around the world".

His confusion is repeated at the local level. Nigerians will be surprised to learn that in the north of their country there are "deserts, as hot and dry as the Sahara" (sic). Historically, he is equally uncertain, with the Portuguese establishing Fort Jesus at Mozambique in the fifteenth century even before Vasco da Gama first rounded the Cape. He has Arabs controlling the West African Atlantic slave trade, and Britain favouring the "top-down" and above the Hausa and Yoruba, for instance, but a few of his inaccuracies are too glaring to ignore. He is equally unsure of the Shona people, a major ethnic group in Zambia; the Hausa are in Nigeria, and the Ibo in Nigeria.

But it is not the inaccuracies that are the most worrying element in a book which is also one of the worst edited I have come across in a long time (my favourite is Kenyan). It is not a country, rather it is a wild generalization. Some are downright offensive. Where a European might kiss a black African's buttocks, the purpose of the union was little to do with companionship and marriage as the

know it in the West. It is solely to produce a bountiful crop of children. Yet later he tells us that the mother of the ridiculous ex-emperor Bokassa committed suicide, so grief-stricken was she at the death of her husband.

Generally Lamb is what one might call a taxi-driver journalist. A remark by an individual in one country and from one walk of life is used as a "flashing insight" into the continent as a whole. Thus in Kenya he meets Francis Thuo, Chairman of the Nairobi Stock Exchange, who tells him that "Capitalism has been part of the African life since time immemorial", and this absurd statement is passed on to the unsuspecting reader as a verity. Again Michael Mathui, a Kenyan headmaster, tells him that heroes "are a Western idea. We don't have heroes and idols in Africa", and this is retailed uncritically to Westerners who may not have heard of Samori Touré, Khamu the Great or the Mahdi. We are told that the people in the Kenyan village of Kural were "like African villagers everywhere a bewildering array of Western clothing" and that "every African coming into the city knows exactly what he wants: a Mercedes Benz". The African woman is "more often than not uneducated, barefoot, stoop-shouldered and beaky".

Lamb's political judgments are often questionable. He believes the South African military "could take on a dozen black armies in conventional warfare and still punch through to the northern Sahara in a month or so". Nimeiri (incidentally an Arab) is described as the best kind of African leader; and Guineans are said to have accepted Sekou Touré's priorities - though presumably not the hundreds of thousands who have emigrated since Independence. Perhaps the danger of a

book like this being taken seriously is best underlined in the chapter in which Lamb compares Guinea and Ivory Coast since Independence. He starts his account on the premise that Guinea in 1958 was the richest of France's colonies in West Africa, while Ivory Coast "everyone thought was destined to join the line of international beggars". Thus Guinea's post-Independence failures and Ivory Coast's success become the more dramatic. But in 1956 Ivory Coast was, in fact, the richest of France's West African territories, with a total external trade five times greater than Guinea's.

Yet for all this David Lamb does ultimately have his heart in the right place. As an American he deprecates the way his country has backed corrupt rulers like Mobutu because they take a pro-Western stance, and shuns a Samora Machel - who is really trying to improve the lot of his people - because of his ties with Russia. He would agree with Anthony Sampson, writing in the epilogue to his new edition of *Drum*, that the Western nations - particularly the United States - still frequently misunderstand the political motivations of black Africans, and equate their nationalism with Communism just because they have sought help from Moscow and Peking.

Mr Sampson's first book, about his experiences as editor of *Drum* magazine, was well worth reprinting. Many of its insights hold true today. It was written in a more optimistic time when the voice of Apartheid had not been squeezed so tight. The toll of that policy has been terrible. Sampson's epilogue is in part an obituary of the brilliant young African colleagues who helped build up *Drum* as an international magazine. Henry

Nxumalo, who exposed the barbaric conditions under which farm-workers laboured at Komati and Harmond, as well as the humiliating treatment suffered by black prisoners, was stabbed to death in a Soweto garage. Todd Matsikiza, a journalist and musician who saw jazz "drowning the sorrows of nine million black voices" and gave us the musical King Kago, took to drink and died tragically early. So did Can Themba, Bob Oso and Casey Motsisi. Nat Nakasa, the young Zulu writer, found life in New York intolerable that he jumped from the top of a skyscraper. Fortunately some have survived: Bloke Modisane, Lewis Nkosi, Ezekiel Mphahlele (whose decision to return to take up a chair at Witwatersrand dismayed so many of his colleagues); and Arthur Maimane, whom I chanced upon on the train from Victoria Falls to Gaborone when I was rereading *Drum* for this review. "This is that", he said with a laugh. "And it's the only book about *Drum* for which I have any respect." Maimane started the magazine as a cub reporter shop after Sampson became editor; he had been introduced to him by Peter Trevor Huddleston. In 1958 he had left so many of his colleagues, close exile in Britain, making a successful career for himself in ITN. Now he was travelling home via Gaborone with his English wife and two children. He alone would cross the front line to return to his home in Johannesburg, for the first time in twenty-five years.

It is the merit of Anthony Sampson's book that, after a quarter of a century, it can still bring home so poignantly to the reader the tragedy which the racist policies of the South African government have inflicted on so many people, and remind us how much resilience is needed to survive them.

## Set on separation

### Kenneth Ingham

JOHN W. CELL

*The Highest Stage of White Supremacy: The Origins of Segregation in South Africa and the American South*  
320pp. Cambridge University Press.  
£20.  
0 521 24096 4

In this stimulating book John W. Cell has attempted to discover the origins of segregation in two of the world's most pervasively racist societies. This is a topic which is frequently discussed with more vehemence than evidence. If the author had done no more than demonstrate that many of the apparently persuasive solutions were open to doubt, or in need of modification, he would have done a useful service. Much of *The Highest Stage of White Supremacy* is, indeed, taken up with careful criticism of a variety of economic and social interpretations of the origins of segregation. But Cell also suggests his own solution, which combines, modifies and integrates several of those other interpretations.

His first point, that "segregation should be distinguished from the broader concept of 'white supremacy'", is an important one. While stressing that the white supremacists, past or present, of the American South and South Africa provided the essential atmosphere in which segregation could flourish, he maintains that separate development is not merely a continuation of that past. In saying this, he contradicts the opinion of those who have argued that slavery in the American South and the advancing, Calvinist-dominated, white frontier in South Africa merged inseparably into a policy of racial segregation. At no time, Cell points out, did anyone who advocated separate development until conditions in both regions demanded a radical change in the organization of society. But why did that change take the form of a horizontal division based exclusively upon race rather than some modification of the already existing vertical scheme down which authority was channelled?

As the title of his book suggests, Cell has some degree of sympathy with the Nativist view that segregation is an urban phenomenon which is to be identified with a specific stage of capitalist production. That stage he sees as having been, so far as the American South is concerned, in the latter part of the first and in the earlier years of the second decade of the twentieth century. In both regions the periods he singles out were times of rapid industrial expansion when a white minority was consolidating its political power. But, and here he begins to part company with the Marxists, he cannot accept that segregation was purely a class phenomenon. Nor did economic forces make it inevitable. In a modern, industrial society several other options were available. Many economists would indeed argue that racial segregation could only be an obstacle to industrial growth, or the development of towns, industry and improved communications would in time make segregation impossible.

Cell's explanation is that when it was adopted in the American South and in South Africa segregation seemed to people of diverse opinions, including some of the black leaders themselves, to be the best solution to the problem of how two widely differing cultures could coexist. It was made possible by the devolution of power to a white minority. In the United States, the latter's watchful federal government now appeared willing to let the South sort out its own problems. In the case of South Africa the turning point came with the Act of Union which provided a strong, central government, and allowed Britain to withdraw from its responsibilities in the area. In both regions the white minority was now free to establish separate development on a legal basis.

It did so not simply in response to a demand for unqualified cheap labour, though that was a reason why some whites supported segregation. But the problem of coexistence of two different cultures was not limited to regions of rapid urbanization and industrial growth. Cell's own unfinished investigations into British attitudes towards Africa before the war had shown him that it was present in South Africa where industrialization

had made scarcely any impact. These white governing minorities, though convinced of the superiority of their own civilization, were still unsure about how to proceed in their relations with the black majority. Out of this dilemma there had emerged the doctrine of indirect rule which, though it did not involve the physical separation of the races, permitted Africans, as far as possible, to be according to the traditions of their own societies. This solution to some extent met the criticisms of those who feared the adverse effects of requiring Africans to observe rules with which they were wholly unfamiliar.

If this arrangement had proved necessary in Tropical Africa, Cell observes, people concerned with black interests in the more rapidly developing areas of South Africa and the American South were even more aware of the need for such provision to be made. In this way, missionaries and others of a similar outlook could accept the benefits of segregation while recognizing that blacks would have to be content with living standards and education inferior to those enjoyed by whites. Even some of the more educated blacks could regard segregation as providing protection against hostile competition. But as segregation as a temporary arrangement as, in some degree, it had proved to be in America. There the external pressure exerted through the federal government has brought about some modification in the policies of the Southern states. South Africa is not subject to any such effective "external" force. There, a government whose racist views are reinforced by the economic success of segregation is deaf to the belated criticisms of the moderates, both black and white.

It is an ingenious theory. Probably the only way to come closer to providing a satisfactory answer would be to do what John Cell admits he has not done, and that is to consult sources extensively whatever archival sources are available. If it were possible to discover with certainty the motives of all those who voted for the legislation which underpins segregation, and then to investigate the origins of the various pressures which had influenced them, one might be nearer the answer, but probably only a little nearer.

## A dependency's dependents

### Stanley Uys

BARRY MUNSLOW

*Mozambique: The Revolution and its Origins*  
195pp. Longman. £13.95 (paperback).  
£5.95.  
0 582 64391 0

EDUARDO MONDLANE

*The Struggle for Mozambique*  
225pp. Zed Press. Paperback, £5.95.  
0 86232 016 X

MICHAEL WOLFFERS and JANE BERGEROL

*Angola in the Frontline*  
225pp. Zed Press. £14.95 (paperback).  
£5.95.  
0 86232 106 9

AGUIRO DE BRAGANCA and DANIEL WALLERSTEIN (Editors)

*The African Liberation Reader: Volume 1*  
200pp. Zed Press. £14.95 (paperback).  
£5.95.  
0 86232 067 4

Although Portugal had a huge empire in Africa, it was the poorest of the colonial powers on the continent, because it was itself on the periphery of Europe, exhibiting, according to Barry Munslow, "many of the features of a typical third world economy, importing manufactured products and exporting raw materials and labour." Portugal's economic dependency on Britain, in fact, transformed it virtually into a neo-colony.

As a result of the weakness of the Portuguese economy, Mozambique's dependency was to take a particular form: "political control was exercised by one sub-metropolitan power, Portugal, while another sub-metropolitan power, South Africa, exerted the main economic control". It was Mozambique alone in this predicament. Other states became entangled in the web of dependency,

"with the South African spider at the centre sucking out the labour and services of its surrounding victims". This dependency has continued into the post-independence era, with uncomfortable consequences for South Africa's neighbours.

In his lucidly written book, Munslow traces the origin of the Portuguese empire in Africa, the nature of Lisbon's policies (including the "myth" of the beneficence of the *assimilado* system), the founding and development of Frelimo as the liberating force, the crippling effect of the war on Portugal, and the post-independence struggle for reconstruction, with economic and military "destabilization" by South Africa looming ever larger. Examining the demoralization caused in Portugal by the ten-year-long guerrilla war, Munslow says that between 1960 and 1968 the Portuguese army more than tripled its size from 60,000 to 200,000 men, war-weariness afflicted both the nation and the serving soldiers, and between 1961 and 1974 (when Mozambique became independent) 110,000 conscripts failed to report for military service. As early as 1968, too, spending on defence had risen to 42.4 per cent of the national budget - with six more years of war still ahead. On April 25, 1974, the Armed Forces Movement seized power in a coup in Portugal, and on September 7 power was handed over unconditionally in Mozambique to Frelimo.

Munslow chronicles meticulously not only the military growth but also the political evolution of Frelimo, and his book, read in conjunction with Eduardo Mondlane's *The Struggle for Mozambique* (reissued after being out of print for many years), makes absorbing reading. It sets the scene for what is happening in Mozambique today, although it is skimpy in its discussions of the most recent period, when South Africa has been applying the twin pressures of economic influence and military intervention. Munslow was presumably writing against time but one cannot help feeling that a fuller examination of this latest period would have rounded off the book nicely.

Whereas Munslow is an academic (he has worked, among other places, at

the Centre of African Studies, Maputo, where a parcel bomb killed Ruler First), Michael Wolffers and Jane Bergerol are journalists, and their style is correspondingly different. They devote the first quarter of *Angola in the Frontline* to describing the South African invasion of Portugal's other colony, Angola, in 1975, and what an informative and vivid chapter it is too. Angola was not trapped in the "web of dependency", and therefore military action against it was the only option. South Africa took this option - backed, say the authors, by Britain, the United States and France. Support for this claim that the West, particularly the Americans, were behind the Angolan invasion, has come of course also from South Africa and from the former CIA agent John Stockwell (*In Search of Enemies*). Years after the invasion, the South Africans still complain bitterly that the Americans took fright and pulled the rug out from under them. Wolffers and Bergerol do not wholly buy this version - they credit the Angolan army and its new Cuban allies with military victory - but they do not attempt to minimize the devastation and chaos the South Africans were able to cause as they surged northwards towards the capital, Luanda. They insist, by the way, that the Soviet Union was "involved neither in the Angolan's decision to turn to Cuba for help, nor in Cuba's decision to send their combatants".

In spite of the difference in style, the structure of the two books is similar: historical background, war of liberation, rifts within black ranks, the South African role, and now the post-independence menace of "destabilization". Regrettably, the Angola book also leaves the reader wishing for more insight into South Africa's grand design in southern Africa. No doubt Wolffers and Bergerol also were writing against time, but they leave one poised on the edge of a large question.

*The African Liberation Reader* is a compilation of documents of the leading liberation movements in Guinea-Bissau, Angola, Mozambique, Zimbabwe, Namibia and South Africa. The documents are arranged by topic, each with its own introduction. This volume, the first of three, deals with the "Anatomy of Colonialism".

## Riding against the British

### Geoffrey Wheatcroft

DENIS REITZ

*Commando: A Boer Journal of the Boer War*  
215pp. Faber. Paperback, £3.95.  
0 571 18082 5

When the Boer War began in the autumn of 1899 the Orange Free State declared on the side of its sister Dutch republic of the Transvaal. The former President of the Free State, F. W. Reitz, a lawyer and early Afrikaans poet, was then State Secretary of the Transvaal. Of his seven sons, Deneys

was seventeen when the war broke out. Along with his brother Joubert he enlisted straight away and set off with his rifle, presented in person by President Kruger, and his "strong little Basuto pony". When the war ended in May 1902 he was still in the saddle, on commando in the wilds of the Cape Colony.

F. W. Reitz was one of the signatories of the Peace of Vereeniging that May but refused to take an oath of loyalty to the Crown and went into exile. So, too, did Deneys, and it was as an unrepentant refugee in Madagascari that he wrote *Commando*, surely the best book to come out of the Boer War and one of the most remarkable of all war memoirs. It was recognized as such when first published. In 1929 and it became a best-seller. Now it is reissued with the original preface by Jan Smuts and a new introduction by Thomas Pakenham.

The quality of *Commando* comes from the author's circumstances and from his gifts. He had the good fortune to be in the world - to see the war in all its stages. He took part in the formal battles of that first autumn and winter when the Boers had victory within their grasp; when, instead of wasting their substance in besieging Ladysmith and Mafeking, they could and should have ridden straight for the Cape and for the Natal coast. As it was, the Boers, superb mounted infantry and for that matter better gunners than the British, won famous victories but lost impetus. Given time for reinforcements to arrive, the British were bound to win, despite their military incompetence, by sheer weight of numbers.

Reitz describes the early battles with a youthful innocence which makes the horrors of war appear even more horrible. He describes also, without exaggeration, the weaknesses of the Boers; their quarrelsome rivalries and

the indifferent quality of some of their commanders. The commando of the title was the essential Boer formation, a column of mounted riflemen which was run in an exceptionally democratic way. So democratic was it, in fact, that the Boers, dashing at the charge and in victory, tended to disintegrate when things went wrong: commandos simply broke up and the burghers rode home.

Not so young Reitz. He followed the fighting in his native Free State and the retreat through the eastern Transvaal. Then came the moment when the Boer remnants under General de la Rey took to irregular war. Reitz joined the supreme guerrilla, Smuts's commando, which rode into the Cape and defied the British for a year. In this desperate stage of the war the Boers continued to behave, with chivalry towards the British (if not towards the blacks), although they would execute renegade burghers of the "National Scouts" who served under Kitchener. The British by contrast "waged an increasingly brutal war, burning farms, incarcerating civilians in 'concentration camps' and shooting Boers found in British uniform. This last was especially harsh: the burghers on commando had only taken khaki tunics to replace their own rag, not knowing what this would mean if they were taken prisoner, and Reitz records with bitterness how many of his comrades died before firing squads rather than in battle.

He rode with Smuts to the conference at Vereeniging and finally after his exile and at the prompting of Smuts and his wife, returned to South Africa where he had a distinguished career. But although Reitz himself was in the end reconciled to and prospered under the post-war settlement, the scars left by the war as described in this haunting book are visible in South Africa to this day.

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# A moon among shooting stars

John Russell

## FRANCES SPALDING

Vanessa Bell  
399pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.  
£12.95.  
0 297 781626

It was widely held in her lifetime that of the founder members of the Bloomsbury group Vanessa Bell was the most distinguished human being. This point of view could take an extreme form, as when her son Julian said that "Jane Austen is really the only woman, except Nessa, whom one can have respect for — I mean of course intellectual respect". But Leonard Woolf was not given to hyperbole, and even he was moved to write that "Vanessa in her thirties had something of that physical splendour which Adonis must have seen when the goddess suddenly stood before him". Nor was it a beauty that faded. She was in her sixtieth year when Virginia Woolf wrote to her and asked "Are you always as beautiful as I thought you the last night at Charleston, when I could hardly breathe for fear of unsettling the magnificent human (Cambrwell) beauty who was, I suppose, mending socks?"

Vanessa Bell gave a characteristically understated account of her own physical beauty in the self-portrait that is reproduced on the jacket of Frances Spalding's excellent biography. But she also had a beauty of presence for which no one adjective will suffice. Roger Fry, who loved her and lost her, wrote: "You have done such an extraordinarily difficult thing, without any fuss, but thro' all the conventions kept friends with a pernickety creature like Clive, got quit of me and yet kept me your devoted friend, got all the things you need for your development and yet managed to be a splendid mother."

You give one a sense of security of something solid and real in a shifting world. This was the woman of whom her sister once said that she had only to come into the room to make everything seem real, and large, and infinitely composed and profound. She was moreover completely herself. In her late fifties Virginia Woolf wrote of her that "She is taken her own line in London life; refuses to be a famous painter; buys no clothes; sees whom she likes as she likes; and altogether leads an indomitable, sensible and very sublime existence". Son and sister are not always the definitive witnesses; but in the case of Vanessa Bell they said what everyone else thought, but could not have said so well. In a small and densely inter-related society that was full of shooting stars, she had the effect of an unhurrying harvest moon. And it was to the moon, in the end, and not to the fireworks that people returned. Kenneth Clark in the 1930s looked as if he had never in his life felt hesitation or decided. But in old age he liked to remember how he had always asked himself "Now what would Vanessa say?" when he was not quite sure what to do.

Given the exceptional quality of the trust that she inspired in so many people, it might seem surprising that no one has written a biography before. We are doubly lucky that no one did. Now that it has been done, it could hardly be better. Frances Spalding has done a superb job. She has brought to the attention of the general public a woman whose life and work are so important that they should be known to all. She has done this with a grace and a subtlety that is rare in biographies. She has shown us a woman who was not only a great artist but also a great person. She has shown us a woman who was not only a great artist but also a great person. She has shown us a woman who was not only a great artist but also a great person.

Mr. Spalding has turned to advantage what appeared to her to be the chief obstacle to a full and truthful life of Vanessa Bell: the fact that she was a private person and wished to remain quiet. Although Vanessa Bell did not care to give anything away about herself she was the object of lifelong affectionate curiosity on the part of everyone who knew her. Letters, diaries, memoirs, conversations passed on via word — all abundant knowledge how to read, and re-combine these

compounded refractions Spalding has brought Vanessa Bell back to life.

She was born in 1879 and must therefore be counted a late Victorian. More than that, she was a late-Victorian Londoner of a particular kind. Ensnared behind the teapot in her father's house, riding before breakfast along the Ladies Mile in Rotten Row with a blue enamel butterfly in her hair, sitting speechless through long late-Victorian dinners with a Malmaison carnation pinned on her evening dress, she sized up the world of brains, the world of art and the world of privilege in ways that served her for ever. A Cordelia with an exceptional intelligence, she emerged hardened but intact from her weekly discussions of housekeeping bills with her father, who in that context was a classic late-Victorian ogre. "Those weekly sessions left her", Spalding tells us, "with a deep distaste for emotional scenes; they made her a rigorously careful housekeeper for the rest of her life; and they developed her self-control."

Even at this early stage in the book Spalding is notably fair in her treatment of matters that have turned up in many another place. On the subject of the alleged indecencies which George Duckworth perpetrated upon Virginia Woolf when she was hardly more than a child, she holds a revisionist point of view, believing that Virginia's account of the fondlings in question may have been much exaggerated. She is also the first biographer to give due credit to Clive Bell for the immense amount of spontaneous uncomplicated happiness that he gave to so many people during his long life. Thereafter, we trust her, the events that she sets out have often been presented before, but she serves them with new ingredients that she has found in Cambridge, in Suffolk, in New York, in Texas or in places that remain private.

The Bloomsbury group was, of course, famous for its *franc-parler*, and nowhere more so than in sexual matters. Even so, it is conceivable that without the relatively recent deaths of Duncan Grant, David Garnett and Lady Keynes, Spalding's account might not have been so full. It is difficult, though, to re-create the precise tone of voice with which Vanessa Bell herself spoke of those matters. Virginia Woolf writes of telling her, on impulse, in a chemist's shop of her required passion for Vita Sackville-West: "But do you really like going to bed with women? Nessa said. And how d'you do it? And she bought her pills to take abroad, talking as loud as a parrot."

But the main events of Vanessa Bell's life — the first years of her marriage to Clive Bell, her romance with Roger Fry, her long partnership in the work of the Bloomsbury group, the death in Spain of her son Julian, and her idiosyncratic but famously committed career as a mother — Spalding does very well indeed.

Vanessa Bell may have appeared to be "monumental as a Sphinx", as her sister once said, but she was a woman who felt deeply, and felt for herself steadily, in a society where many people changed their feelings as often as they changed their shirts. Volatility was not in her nature. Spalding is again very good, both on the texture of everyday life at Charleston, and on the more dramatic moments of her life. She is particularly good on the relationship between Vanessa Bell and her husband, Clive Bell, and on the relationship between Vanessa Bell and her son, Julian. She is particularly good on the relationship between Vanessa Bell and her husband, Clive Bell, and on the relationship between Vanessa Bell and her son, Julian.

There remains the question of her work. Vanessa Bell lived for her art and she was surrounded by people who praised painting as one of the most civilized of human activities. She was, moreover, of having lived through one of the great periods of creativity in painting. There was a moment just before 1910 when it looked as if she had a distinctive contribution to make to the period. The question, but on the whole it cannot be said that the history of English art, let alone art in general, was changed by her presence. With some help from the artist's own family, the illustrations of Vanessa Bell's paintings have been very ably arranged, the illustrations

in this book are persuasive as advocacy. But Vanessa Bell's output, as distinct from her unwearied professionalism, lends support to an idea that is backed up, perhaps involuntarily, by this biography. It is that the Bloomsbury group in general was not very receptive to the great achievements of modernism in painting. They were happy with Jean Marchand and André Dunoyer de Segonzac, but there is no sign that they ever came to grips with anything of real stature that occurred after the second Post-Impressionist Exhibition of 1913. As they were in 1913, so they remained, with only minor revisions and adjustments.

Yet there remains the period during the First World War in which Vanessa Bell thinned down her paint, thinned down her imagery and produced the all-but-gaunt reductions that still make an effect of stringency. These are



"Cima da Conegliano" and "David and Jonathan" (1505-10), reproduced from: Cima da Conegliano by Peter Humfrey (432pp. Cambridge University Press, £60. 0 521 23266 X).

## Icons of relaxation

Simon Digby

### MARK ZEBROWSKI

Deccani Painting  
236pp, with colour and black-and-white illustrations. Sotheby Publications, £37.50.  
0 85667 133 3

The characteristic landscape of the Deccan, of which elements recur in these paintings, is a high plateau strewn with stones and variegated by hillocks, far-palms and small lakes. In the Middle Ages and down to modern times the Deccan plateau was an inland island where Persianate culture reached its furthest extension. A number of paintings which must be recognized as masterpieces, among the greatest of all Indian paintings executed within the lands of Islam. These are powerfully evocative icons of individual rulers, of Sufi men of religion and of strange, almost sinister yoginis (female Yogis) whose teachings of austerity are transformed into objects of luxury.

In this substantial and perceptive account, Dr Zebrowski distinguishes more clearly than has previously been possible, particularly in the cases of Bijapur and Golkonda, between the different courtly styles, and he identifies the individual handwork of painters at these courts. Painting at Bijapur has an interlarded, meditative quality. It produced a great deal of the most accomplished of the Bijapur paintings, and in those of the most accomplished of the Bijapur painters, the colouring and treatment of the landscape are hallucinatory. By contrast, the paintings of Golkonda, often etched in flat decorative patterns, verging on abstraction.

remarkable paintings, and nothing quite like them came out of England at that time. Nor did anything quite like them come out of Vanessa Bell's studio again. Her genius went into her life, and it was on talent that she continued to work as a painter.

Anyone who doubts this should compare the impact of Vanessa Bell in life, as it is documented in this biography, with the impact of her later paintings. The oils are dogged. Only where the hand could move more lightly does she seem to paint freely, and like herself. (Who can forget the look of her book jackets as they turned up, year by year, in bookshops?) In decorations, large or small, she had a large and generous calligraphy that was unmistakable. But the big oil paintings too often look congealed, rather than finished, and we wait in vain for them to "make everything seem real, and large, and infinitely composed".

This is therefore the biography of a considerable human being, rather than of a major painter. As a chronicler of human entanglements, and of the ways in which they were resolved, or at least year, without recrimination, or at least will have an enduring fascination. We are shown how very gifted and intelligent people lived during a certain period. Problems that are generally thought of as intractable were settling in a spirit of reason, good will and eventual harmony. How should we not welcome, and how should not prize, so full and so well-balanced a record of those goings-on?

This said, the book has some minor defects. Given that Mrs Spalding's range over a period of eighty years has an appearance of all-seeing intimacy, it is inevitable that a few errors of emphasis should creep in: by no stretch of the imagination could Mary Hutchinson have been called tall. David Garnett was neither "a literary editor" nor "a prolific novelist" in the eyes of his contemporaries: he was the author of a very few novels, every one of which bears re-examination. There are more misuses of rank and style than should have been permitted in a book about people who knew all about such things. No member of Bloomsbury would have condoned the use of the hideous adverb "currently", not so far from Dorothy Bussy's having been "currently" bound up with André Gide in 1929 she was in line with him, beyond reason or recall, from the day that she met him until the day of her death. In a book in which every quotation leaps out at us from the page by reason of its freshness and spontaneity it is depressing to encounter the occasional cliché: that, for example, the relationship between Vanessa Bell and Roger Fry "settled into one as comfortable and familiar as a well-worn glove". And while it is true that "Jack Hutchinson", "Billy Winkworth" and "Jimmy Sheehan" were so spoken of among their friends, the reader should be able to identify them as St John Hutchinson, J.C. W. W. Winkworth, the eminent scholar of oriental art and Vincent Sheehan, in his day a well-known American journalist. But these are specks upon a mirror that everywhere else gives us a true reflection. Vanessa Bell adds a new and indispensable dimension to our knowledge of Bloomsbury, and it is very much to be welcomed.

probably Shivaji and his father. When the Deccan sultanates had all gone down before the Mughals, it was Shivaji who cracked the carapace of Mughal power.

Surviving Deccani paintings of the late sixteenth and seventeenth century are much rarer than their Mughal counterparts, probably on account of such incidents as the Mughal siege of Bijapur in 1686. Many of the most important paintings which escaped destruction came into the hands of the Mughal general who took the provincial fortress of Adoni; they remained in the possession of his descendants the Maharajas of Bikaner until the middle of this century.

In this limited corpus there are a number of paintings which must be recognized as masterpieces, among the greatest of all Indian paintings executed within the lands of Islam. These are powerfully evocative icons of individual rulers, of Sufi men of religion and of strange, almost sinister yoginis (female Yogis) whose teachings of austerity are transformed into objects of luxury.

Cricket and racing have attracted more gifted artists, as well as writers, than any other sport, with possibly the notable Art a bad third. It is probably fair to say, though, that whereas an anthology of prose and poetry devoted to cricket would be more rewarding than one devoted to racing, or at least its contributors more distinguished — in painting it would be the other way round. The painters of cricket, unlike those attracted by the thoroughbred sphere, have rarely been eminent in their profession. Robin Simon and Alastair Smart can, it is true, compile a batting order that includes Turner, Wright of Derby, Zoffany, Cotes, Francis Hayman, Ford Madox Brown and Camille Pissarro, but the interest of all these in the game was peripheral, and in any case their works are small beer in relation to their racing equivalents. The cricket pictures that grace most pavilions, from Lord's to the smaller county grounds, are generally unpretentious works by unknown artists. They are no less pleasing for that. In many cases they are copies, as valuable for their topographical interest as for any artistic quality. There have, certainly, been some characteristic portraits of famous players, though in the last fifty years or so the photograph has replaced the painting as a source of sociological or technical detail.

The *Art of Cricket* makes plain that its concern is largely art-historical, an approach its authors consider unduly neglected. The book is itself a "companion", as well as a catalogue, to an exhibition of cricket art which began at the Fine Art Society in Bond Street during the summer and is now on a provincial tour. The exhibition, however, contains only a fraction of the works discussed or illustrated in the present volume. The idea for the book was conceived in the Long Room at Test Bridge, when the authors, colleagues in the Art department at the University of Nottingham, were attracted by a painting called "Playing

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As a work of scholarship and attribution *The Art of Cricket* is a valuable book. The catalogue notes are admirably informative and the colour plates handsomely reproduced. The illustrations are preceded by fifty-five pages of text, devoted to such subjects as early patrons and players, cricket portraits, MCC, and women's cricket. It would be possible without much difficulty to compile a more engaging and attractive collection of cricket pictures, but Messrs Simon and Smart have their taste, and this finely produced volume serves it faithfully.

*The Lord's Taverners Fifty Greatest* contains colour portraits and action-studies of those selectors consider the greatest post-war cricketers. It is difficult to quarrel with their list. The paintings are done by a team of four, Mike Francis, Ivan Rose, Rodger Towers and Ron Woolton. Their methods are fairly slapdash and posterish, but between them they hit and miss the target about an equal number of times. A page of informative text faces each illustration.

## Grouse season

P. H. Sutcliffe

E. M. WELLINGS  
Vintage Cricketers  
177pp. Allen and Unwin, £9.95.  
0 04 79606 3

A publisher, "poor inquisitive fish", apparently turned this book down on the grounds that it did not tell us much about the author. The author explains that it was never intended to. Wellings is of interest essentially to himself. He confides one intimate detail of the masculine gender, a fact that, apparently escaped the Managing Director of the *Evening News* during the thirty-six years for which Wellings was its cricket correspondent.

Wellings shows an engaging disinclination to stick to the point; he rambles and ruminates about the famous players of the past, and collects yet again old debates. Should Fender have been captain of England? Was Bradman or Hobbs the greater batsman (the answer is predictable)? How can we account for the ineptitude of the selectors in 1921, or indeed at any other time?

About the modern game he has a long catalogue of grouches. The habit of embracing whenever a wicket falls nauseates by its fatuity. In the old days bowlers expected wickets and took them with quiet satisfaction. The author deplores the one-day game, hothouse, the damage of the leg spinner, light pads, shortened boundaries,

# Bat, ball and brush

Alan Ross

## ROBIN SIMON AND ALASTAIR SMART

The Art of Cricket  
236pp. Secker and Warburg, £15.  
0 436 47390 9

TREVOR BAILEY, RICHIE BENAUD, COLIN COWDREY and JIM LAKER

The Lord's Taverners Fifty Greatest: The Fifty Greatest Post-War Cricketers from around the world

128pp. Heinemann, £12.95.  
0 434 58039 0

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# Packaged tourists

A. L. Le Quesne

## ROBIN MARLAR

Decision Against England: The Centenary Ashes 1982-3  
176pp. Methuen, £7.95.  
0 413 52650 X

## BOB WILLIS with ALAN LEE

The Captain's Diary: England in Australia and New Zealand 1982-83  
187pp. Collins, £8.95.  
0 00 218002 2

## RAY CAIRNS and GLENN TURNER

Glenn Turner's Century of Centuries  
280pp. Hodder and Stoughton, £9.95.  
0 340 32713 3

## DAVID LEMMON

Johnny Wain's Hit Today: A Cricketing Biography of J. W. H. T. Douglas  
152pp. Allen and Unwin, £8.95.  
0 04 796076 0

## RAY EAST with RALPH DELLOR

A Funny Turn: Confessions of a Cricketing Clown  
125pp. Allen and Unwin, £5.95.  
0 04 796075 2

## FERGUS MCKENDRICK

Pulpit Cricket and other stories  
144pp. Collins, £7.95.  
0 00 218026 X

Cricket books continue to appear in shoals: surely about four of them for every one on any other sport, even soccer? There is nothing new about this, admittedly: cricket is far and away the most highbrow of all major games, and alone of them all has long possessed an aesthetics and a literature of its own — a literature that can on occasions become painfully self-conscious. But it is only in the last twenty years that what one might call "pop cricket literature" has really taken off. Who buys the books in these days of depression I cannot conceive, but so many publishers with an eye on their profit-margins have jumped on this bandwagon that a safe market must exist. These half-dozen publications, with one exception, belong firmly to the ephemeral end of the spectrum; but they fall into three fairly well-marked sub-categories.

Accounts of Individual Test series, especially Anglo-Australian Test series, are one of the oldest forms of cricket literature, reaching back to the beginning of the century, and safe bets for a publisher. There are two here which deal with the English 1982-83

tour of Australia: one of them, Robin Marlar's *Decision Against England*, by a distinguished ex-player turned journalist, the other, *The Captain's Diary*, by Bob Willis. It is their misfortune that the 1982-83 tour was, anyway from an English point of view, a remarkably downbeat and disappointing series. It was moreover the first series to feel the full effects of the Australian cricketing authorities' surrender to the Packer television interests. Television ballyhoo surrounded it: instant replays of controversial umpiring decisions, deliberately inflammatory pre-Test commercials, and the equally deliberate playing up of the triangular one-day "World Series Cup" at the expense of the five Test Matches proper which preceded it. It is a merit of Marlar's book that he recognizes the importance of these issues by including chapters on packaged cricket, codes of behaviour, electronic aids and the great umpiring controversy, as well as reprinting in appendices both the text of the TV commercial which aroused so much criticism and the five-page "Code of Behaviour" to which, God save us, all Australian Test players are now required to subscribe by the Australian Cricket Board. These inclusions imply a welcome broadening of perspective from the customary incident-by-incident run-through of the five Tests which Marlar supplies neither better nor worse than most of his predecessors. His technical expertise providing compensation for a lack of distinction in the writing, Willis's book is quite different. A diary in form, it is confessedly ghosted, and how far it represents the England captain's authentic day-to-day thoughts it is not easy to say. Certainly, though, the ghosting has not strained the personality out, and one of the most interesting and appealing things about this book is the vividness with which it expresses the attractive qualities of Willis the man and both his merits and defects as a captain. It is notably short on detailed technical analysis, but strong on determination, integrity and honest self-criticism. Few will finish the book without a feeling of strong sympathy for the lot of a touring captain whose own role is so important and whose own life is so unfulfilling. It is an oddity — a rambling series of anecdotes, humorous and half-serious, loosely strung together round the memories of an academic but inexperienced enthusiast. The book's *raison d'être* is not easy to discern, but it does achieve a well-managed pathos at the end.

Cricketing autobiographies began to appear in significant numbers between the wars, but the cricketing biography — and especially what may be called its historical subspecies, the biography of a famous cricketer of the past — is a much more recent phenomenon. *Glenn Turner's Century of Centuries* concerns a current, or only just retired, player; its title describes exactly what it is, a catalogue of Turner's 103 first-class centuries, with comments by the author and by Turner himself on each. Much more interesting is *Johnny Wain's Hit Today*, David Lemmon's biography of J. W. H. T. Douglas, who captained both England's triumphant last tour of Australia before the First World War and their disastrous first one after it. Like Willis, Douglas's merits as a captain lay more in his moral qualities than in his intellectual ones. A man of forceful and direct personality, he was a magnificent all-round sportsman in the pre-1914 amateur mould, winning an Olympic gold medal at boxing and an England amateur soccer cap, as well as playing in twenty-three Test Matches, captaining England in eighteen of them and captaining and dominating the Essex side for eighteen years. Mr Lemmon's book efficiently records Douglas's cricketing career, conveys a clear impression of his personality and includes some interesting reflections on the contrasts between pre- and post-war first-class cricket. But it is very much, as it is described on the cover, "a cricketing biography which considerably and regrettably attenuates its interest and value. Both the private life and the historical setting go almost completely unilluminated — it is symptomatic that nothing is said about Douglas's marriage except that he and his wife "tended to lead their separate lives", and that the chapter on the war years throws no light on how much, if any, active service Douglas saw and is concerned mainly with the cricket he played during them. Nor is there any discussion of the structure of first-class cricket and the nature of amateurism during the period, though these factors were crucial in shaping Douglas's life."

Ray East's *A Funny Turn* is an agreeable but very lightweight set of reflections by one of the recognized funny men of the modern game. Fergus McKendrick's *Pulpit Cricket* is frankly an oddity — a rambling series of anecdotes, humorous and half-serious, loosely strung together round the memories of an academic but inexperienced enthusiast. The book's *raison d'être* is not easy to discern, but it does achieve a well-managed pathos at the end.

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## A place in the country

**J. M. Coetzee**

Michael was taken out of school after a short trial and committed to the protection of Huis Norenus in Faure, where at the expense of the state he spent the rest of his childhood in the

In a South Africa whose civil administration is collapsing under the pressure of years of civil strife, an obscure young gardener named Michael K decides to take his mother on a long march away from the guns towards a new life in the abandoned countryside . . . .

The first thing the midwife noticed about Michael K when she helped him out of his mother into the world was that he had a harelip. The lip curled like a snail's foot, the left nostril gaped. Obscuring the child for a moment from its mother, she prodded open the tiny bud of a mouth and was thankful to find the palate whole.

Cape Town as Gardener, grade 3(b). Three years later he left Parks and Gardens and, after a spell of unemployment which he spent lying on his bed looking at his hands, took a job as night attendant at the public lavatories in Greenmarket Square. On the morning of Monday, 12th April 1961 Friday he was set upon in a subway by two men who beat him, took his watch, his money and his shoes, and left him lying stunned with a slash across his arm, a dislocated thumb and two broken ribs. After this incident he quit night work and returned to Parks and Gardens, where he rose slowly in the service to become Gardener, grade 1.

To the mother she said: "You should be happy, they bring luck to the household." But from the first Anna K. did not like the mouth that would not close and the living pink flesh it bared to her. She shivered to think of what was being growing in her all these months. The child could not suck from the breast and cried with hunger. She tried a bottle; when it could not suck from the bottle she fed it with a teaspoon, fretting with impatience when it coughed and spluttered and gaped.

Because of his face K did not have women friends. He was easiest when he was by himself. Both his jobs had given him a measure of solitariness, though down in the lavatories he had been oppressed by the brilliant neon light that shone off the white tiles and created a space without shadows. The parks he preferred were those with tall pine trees and dim agapanthus walks. Sometimes on Saturdays he failed to hear the boom of the noon gun and went on working by himself all through the afternoon. On Sunday mornings he slept late; on Sunday afternoons he visited his mother.

"It will close up as he grows older," the midwife promised. However, the lip did not close, or did not close enough, nor did the nose come straight.

Late one morning in June, in the thirty-first year of his life, a message was brought to Michael K as he raked leaves in De Waal Park. The message, at third hand, was from his mother: she had been discharged from hospital and

spectacularly aggressive verve than Coppe, but his *Last Sheep Found*, a kind of spiritual autobiography from which Smith selects the Ranting episode, offers an almost Rousseau-like display of entwined sincerity and self-interest:

Now I being as they said, *Captain of the Rant*, I had most of the principle women come to my lodging for knowledge which was then called *The Head-quarters*. Now in the height of this ranting, I was made still careful for moneys for my wife, only my body was given to other women; so our company encreasing, I wanted for nothing that heart could desire . . . .

concepts, insights and myths, and one sense of a national tradition and history can be seen to be confronted by an articulate and visionary fundamentalism: "So long as the earth is entangled and appropriated into particular hands, and kept there by the power of the sword . . . so long the creation lies under bondage." Hill's edition of this remarkable writer needs to be put back into paperback as soon as possible.

Levellers may still play their part in the making of modern political traditions but the Mugglestonians too have a long history. The book is dedicated to their last known member, Philip Noakes, a Kentish farmer who died on February 26, 1979.

484 1975]

on the air of Cleopatra's barge, but  
"Tritons all the while/Sound the sea-  
march and guide to Sheppey Isle." The  
fabulous tranquillity should remind  
us of Marvell moving "Like some  
sleeper" in the "Mower" poem.

great prelate of the grove": strangeness becomes estrangement, and the imagination dallies with treason as it escapes from its agonizing embroilment in politics. Chernaik sees that the passage reminds us of "Upon Appleton House" but does not pause to wonder what this might mean. His Marvell is too much at one with his time that he vanishes into his politics, and the politics are what we are offered in *Be-*

of a character,

otherwise exemplary. The Fall is reflected in Marvel's politics so that, for example, he sees Cromwell "not as patriarchal monarch, but as law-giver." In "The First Anniversary," Contrary to John Wallace, Chermak does not see Marvel as wanting Cromwell to be king and, further, he sees him as a Puritan libertarian rather than the "loyalist" Wallace proposed in *Destiny His Choice* (1968). Marvel continually hopes for the restoration of an ideal order, but maintains an awareness of the wide distance between what is and what would be. His political thought therefore belongs to the liberal tradition; Chermak argues, in contrast, that the classical liberal tradition, and he allies him with Lock and Harrington in Marvel's position, is that "all men are equal in the eyes of God, and for me equal in Harvard." But he is not.

The problem such a study must ultimately face is the poet's character, and this issue is not properly raised. Chermak does not provide an adequate link between the garden ironist and the sectarian propagandist he sees, an attempt which might have been made in the last chapters. Here Chermak looks at the formal basis of Marvell's satires: a form in which he admits that the poet does not excel as he does in lyric. He suggests that this is partly because metaphysical wit is disjunctive; in effect, driving Marvell to seek local excitements and to allow the larger structure to remain

A fund has been established in support of the Franches Horowitz, a broadcaster and performer of music who has recently undergone cancer surgery, and her son James, who benefits poetry readings; from which the proceeds will go to the fund, and forthcoming The Well will take place at the National Poetry Centre, 21 Blake Court Square, London SW6, and Tuesday, September 20 at 7.30. The poets taking part will include: Paul Acock, James Berry, Brian Brownjohn, Gavin Bwan, John Cope, Roger McGough, Adrian Mitchell, Peter Porter, Jenny Rabinowitz, Ruth African, Ken Smith, Alan Sillitoe and take place at the Cobble Hall, Bristol, on October 30 from 7.30 to 10.00. The poets reading will be Ted Hughes, D. M. Thomas, and

Houston, P. J. Kavanagh, Chair  
Heaney, Anne Stevenson, Chair  
Tomlinson and Peter Redgrave  
Donations to the fund should be sent  
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Giles-in-the-Wood, Torrington  
Devon, or Gillian Clarke, 1 Glyn  
Avenue, Cyncoed, Cardiff, S6  
Glamorgan.

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## A way of seeing

Dan Jacobson

The editors of a projected symposium on South African writing recently approached a number of writers originally from South Africa, and now living abroad, and asked them if they would reply briefly to some questions about the ways in which their connection with the country is reflected in their work. They were also asked to what extent, if any, they believe their work to be influenced by current social and political developments there. This was Dan Jacobson's reply.

Not long ago I was watching a television documentary about a person who had undergone a sex-change operation. The presenter repeatedly pressed the subject of the programme to tell him why anyone who had been born as a male should have felt compelled to have such drastic surgery performed on himself. In reply, the victim or victor of the operation said that she had always known "in herself" that she was actually not a man but a woman. "I felt like a woman," she said over and over again. "As far back as I can remember I knew that I'd always really been a woman." Whereupon the interviewer suddenly turned on a young woman who had been present during this inquisition, perhaps as a member of the camera crew, and asked her, "Do you feel like a woman?" The startled girl answered, "I don't know what that means. I feel like me!"

When I am asked to comment on the ways in which I believe my "connection with South Africa" to be reflected in my work, I find myself in a position rather like that of the second of the two interlocutors quoted above. Anyone who voluntarily becomes an expatriate is no doubt performing an act of radical psychic surgery on himself; it may be thought, therefore, that it is the first speaker whose experience is in some way analogous to my own. However, when I first came away from South Africa I did not do so because I had always known "in myself" that I was something else, in terms of a specific identity, to which I could have given a name beforehand. Far from it, it is true that I wanted to become a writer, though I would have been hard put to it to explain what I meant by that; true also that the prospect of fulfilling this ambition seemed to me more plausible outside South Africa than inside it, for reasons which had more to do with "culture" than with "politics", and had as much to do with my personal situation as either. But it came as no surprise to me to discover that all I had to write about, for many years after leaving South Africa, was what I had seen and learned there during my childhood and early adulthood. What did surprise me rather more, when I began to write on other subjects, was the extent to which the very modes of seeing and understanding which

made me the person I was had been determined (forever) in South Africa. I could no more deny or repudiate them than I could deny or repudiate my eyes or my hands.

That is the essential point. It is also, by definition, one that is difficult if not impossible to write about discursively. Obviously such connections as I have with people and places in South Africa — the external connections, that is — are very different now from those I had twenty-five years ago. The attrition of time, with all its deaths and separations, has done its work. Places which are no longer lived in by the people with whom we associate them are themselves not the same places, as Proust observed in the petrification to *Swann's Way*. ("The reality which I had known no longer existed . . . Places which we have known do not really belong to the world of space in which, for our convenience, we situate them. . . . Floures, paths, avenues are themselves as fugitive, alas, as the years.") However, the internal connections remain: memories, in the first place, and beneath even the deepest of memories, those modes of apprehension through which the world continuously makes itself known to each of us, and by means of which we are compelled to create our individual past, present and future, and our sense of the relationship between them.

None of this has much to do with the "broadly political matters" and the "current developments" to which I have been asked to relate my work. Of course, like most other expatriates, I continue to follow social and political developments in South Africa with a special degree of interest; naturally I have opinions on some of those developments. Such opinions may be important to me; but I do not believe that any special value is conferred on them by the fact that I write novels and stories. Nor, *per contra*, do I believe that the opinions I hold on any subject can in themselves add one cubic to whatever stature my novels and stories may have. Less and less, as I grow older, do I find that what really matters to me in imaginative literature emerges from the level of consciously held opinion or belief in the author, or speaks to that level in the reader. (Whether to confirm the beliefs he holds, or to change them, or, for that matter, to incite him to act in some particular way on them.) Rather, poems and stories have value because they reveal to us, and illustrate for us, as nothing else can, the operation of the quasi-instinctual, self-creating modes of apprehension referred to earlier, and the worlds which they have made available to the writer.

I do not know whether or not I shall again write fiction which is explicitly and unequivocally set in South Africa. It is a long time since I last did so. On the other hand, I do know that everything I write has something more than its origins there.

## Escaping from the laager

Lewis Nkosi

ANDRÉ BRINK

Mapmakers: Writing in a State of Siege  
256pp. Faber. Paperback, £3.95.  
0 571 13159 X

The emergence of a literary movement is always astonishing. For writers tend to deny being part of anything so gross, compact or unanimous as a movement, and they tend to work best as individuals. France, the country of manifestos, is an exception. Nevertheless, movements grow spontaneously, haphazardly, out of some ill-defined motive, the explanation must surely be sought in social or political forces at work beneath the surface.

In South Africa, after a decade of exhausting confrontation between the Nationalist Party Government and its opponents, the 1960s gave birth to an odd movement known as the *Sestigers* (the "Sixties"). Except in one or two cases, the impact created by the writers of this movement had less to do with the force of their literary imagination or the power of their political dissent than with the extraordinary fact that most of them were Afrikaners.

André Brink, one of its leading lights, tells the story, sometimes movingly, of his own evolution from a "white supremacist", who regarded blacks as less than human, to a complex, troubled citizen, trying to explore through his writing his relationship not only with the blacks he had formerly despised but also with his own Afrikaner people who now demanded complete allegiance, if not complicity. As Brink puts it:

The vehemence of the cultural collision and the extent of its reverberations throughout Afrikanerdom cannot be fully understood from the outside unless the real horror at the thought of anyone leaving the laager is appreciated. Brink did step out of the laager, as his series of recent novels has proved. The irony, not lost to black South Africans, is that the stepping out of the laager has not done Brink any harm; if anything it has brought him even more

success among the international community. He is now a dissident and Western critics have a love affair with dissidents. Very unusually, Jane Kramer of the *New Yorker* responded to Brink's latest novel, *A Chain of Voices*, with the hostile observation that "We judge South African writers less by their quality than by the risks they take in putting the wall of their dissidence between ourselves and the Black Africa we praise and fear".

Brink himself, though he may try to suppress the knowledge, is not entirely unaware of his recently acquired status as a dissident South African writer. That he is an Afrikaner doubly ensures his sanctification. In a rambling essay entitled "After Soweto" he expresses the satisfaction he has felt when black or coloured compatriots, some of whom have not even read his work, "have written or spoken to me to tell me of a new ray of hope in their lives". Against the present explosive anger in the South African townships, the inflated tone of this is especially unfortunate, suggesting as it does the myopic zeal of the white missionary just before the natives surround the presbytery to burn it down.

Brink is not, of course, always as bad as this. Though repetitive, as he himself acknowledges, his essays have many valuable insights into that vexed triangular struggle between Boer, Bantu and Briton. His introduction, "Background to Dissidence", in which he traces the evolution of the Afrikaner from the oppressed underdog under the régime of the Dutch East India Company to the oppressive ruler in our own century, is one of the best things in the book, perhaps because it synthesizes many of the themes which will later be endlessly rehearsed in many of the essays that follow.

Language and culture, especially the development of an Afrikaner language under what might be truly called "a state of siege", is one of Brink's obsessive themes, and rightly so: even today the Dutch in Holland mock the language as *patois*, as he points out, there was a time when Afrikaner writers themselves thought English a more cultured language to write in; in 1976, because of its association with the programme of an oppressive régime, pupils in Soweto refused to be

taught Afrikaans and hundreds were shot, maimed or killed for this trouble.

Brink is equally concerned with the problem of censorship, an issue he has made his own among Afrikaner intellectuals. The title essay, for example, is a survey of censorship and suppression of intellectual freedom, from ancient Greece to modern times. "Looking at Chile", Brink writes critically, "one recalls the words of Jesus about the very stones crying out."

All the same, Brink, the son of Calvinist emigrants, is not only religious but, like that son of Harlem store-front churches, James Baldwin, loves to preach. The only difference is that Brink lacks the searing voice of the Negro preacher. He cannot, like Baldwin, even through his prose, permit himself to have a good time while preaching. Brink has a penchant for the weighty philosophical statement, but instead of intellectual acuity he merely succeeds in giving us a series of blurred intellectual generalities: "At the same time, however, there is a chance that truth may be falsified or narrowed down in the process because in this guise truth which in itself is vast and non-verbal has to assume the form of language."

Often too earnest, ponderous, he churns out cliché after cliché about the liberating power of art, as if he had laboured single-mindedly, to discover the truth of these propositions. He also has the fatal insecurity of intellectuals from provincial cultures, which is to drop the names of numerous writers and thinkers on every other page in support of the most self-evident banalities.

In these essays Brink is eager to attach himself politically to an enlightened Afrikaner poet, Breyten Breytenbach, who fell short of the kingdom of God when he uttered an apology to Prime Minister Vorster during his detention in a vague attempt to save his skin; but Breytenbach really was unique among dissident Afrikaner intellectuals. André Brink, despite many grandiose statements about the politics of liberation, really has an aversion to or fears politics. It is on record as saying that change in South Africa can only come about through a change of heart.

## Pauline Smith: a quiet voice

Dorothy Driver

Pauline Smith (1882-1959) is the most significant South African writer of the early years after Olive Schreiner and before Gertrude Shope. But is a quieter voice than either of these, and less well known. Her short stories *The Little Karoo* (1925) and her novel *The Beadle* (1926) found ready publication in both Britain and America, thanks in part to the help of her mentor, Arnold Bennett, who had advised her to "exploit the quality of rareness and remoteness" in her South African material. To her credit, however, she avoided the more obvious marks of colonial fiction: no glossary, no listings of exotic fauna and flora, and no explication of the unfamiliar tectonics of the landscape. The intimate and sympathetic picture she gave of Boer society was widely acclaimed; one admirer reviewer of *The Beadle*, writing its advanced treatment of indigenous birth, recommended that it should be read by all Afrikaner women.

Smith was praised by Alan Paton for portraying "the humble majesty of mankind" and by William Plomer for transcending "the barriers of race and language" and making "essential humanity real". More recently criticism has begun to take account of the extent to which the existence of a racial division — in South Africa and abroad — complicated Smith's attitudes towards her presented world. In a

sense she imposed the "universalizing" treatment on herself, for there is an extraordinarily pervasive censoring voice in her fiction. Her white tenant-farmers appear to work the land themselves rather than to supervise the black labour that was undoubtedly there; there is even evidence that she transformed a group of "coloured" people, poverty-stricken and landless, into whites in her fiction, thereby sidestepping the issue of race that has obsessed virtually every other South African writer. The only story in which blacks take the foreground is Smith's most ambivalent one, "Ludovitch".

Her still unpublished journals and notes, which cover four return trips to the country she left when she was twelve, tell a different story. They present a woman deeply concerned with class and economic inequality in Britain at the time, anxious to side with the working class both there and in South Africa, horrified at imperialism, at religious hypocrites, at the system of indentured labour. Geoffrey Haresnap, one of the earliest researchers to look at her journals, urged critics in 1977 to stop the "sanitizing process" that stresses Smith's "non-controversial role as depicter of noble, sincere South Western Cape rural characters". Acquaintance with the Pauline Smith of the journals has led Cherry Clayton to question her self-image of humility and diffidence and to identify a "style of poverty" that Smith developed as part of her political stance. J. M. Coetzee has even argued that the language, with its Old Testament

echoes, that she created for her Afrikaners has served to confirm the Afrikaner's myth about himself as the Israelite of Africa. Other critics have explored the way in which Smith's dual audience determined an ambivalence of tone: on the one hand she judges the oppressive social relations within the Afrikaner community, her scattered racial references assuming a subtle but powerful allusive force; on the other, she stands by this community against the irresponsible and greedy British colonizer. To this extent she is a representative victim of the confusions of the South African liberal mind.

Two volumes of previously unpublished, out-of-print or uncollected work are being brought out by the Cape Town publisher A. A. Balkema as part of a Pauline Smith centenary edition. Of particular note is her extensive 1913-14 journal, edited by Harold Scheub, which contains fascinating political and sociological commentary, as well as the anecdotes from which much of her fiction derives. Also appearing will be her tribute to Arnold Bennett, and her story "The Doctor", discovered among her papers after her death. This story reveals a number of areas as yet unexplored by critics: the fictional significance of her relationship with her father; the constant interjection into her stories of bestiality or death at the point where one expects the expression of love; and her obsession with silence as a theme. One is once again reminded of the self-censoring voice of the writer, which is also the voice of the colonial (woman) writer of the time.

## South Africa's new publishers

Ad (Adrian) Donker this year celebrates ten years of independent publishing in South Africa. He is the publisher of Athol Fugard, whose neglected novel *Tsotsi* he persuaded the playwright to publish. *Wagtail's Notebook* 1960-1977 he and David and Goliath tale which he and Goliath have been publishing since the dilemmas and uncertainties of a local publisher. Random House planned to publish the book, Donker was glad to get a look-in on the South African scene. When they gave up the idea, his commitment remained firm. At the end of the day he was selling, not buying, and to Alfred Knopf, a Random House subsidiary. His entrepreneurial finesse and penchant for the evoking a bland South African "tradition" (with titles like *A Country of South African Short Stories*) should not obscure Donker's real contribution to "alternative" publishing in a censor-ridden land. The emergence in the 1970s of such writers as Homage Serote, Mafika Gwala, Christopher van Wyk and Sipho Septho showed much to his courage and vision.

Jonathan Ball, regarded as the "whiz-kid" of the independent publishers to emerge in the 1970s, has now joined forces with Hodder and Stoughton, SA, a large distribution interest which he manages while continuing to publish under his own imprint. His co-edition (with Woldenfeld and Nicolson) of Thomas Pakenham's *The Boer War* showed how much could be done for a book

with South African potential by an enterprising local publisher unhindered by long supply lines.

Because its first director (Peter Randall) and many of its books have been banned, Raven Press has received more publicity than any other publisher in the country. A key to Raven's survival lies in the diversity of its authors: the radical historians and sociologists with surprisingly large student followings; the black writers, particularly after 1976, who have strengthened a fiction list which includes Nadine Gordimer, J. M. Coetzee and Christopher Hope; the growing list of writers for children, soon to include a black author, illustrator team in Maria Mabotson and Mzwakhe Nhlolabasi.

It remains to be seen how much backing Raven will continue to receive from black writers following the formation last year of Skotaville Publishers (named after Mweliso Skots, who published the first black South African *Who's Who* in 1930). Bishop Ndlovu's speeches, Don Matroos's poems and a book of folktales by Bob Leshoai have shown that Skotaville is receiving influential support. Meanwhile, in Cape Town, James Matthews continues to fly the flag of BLAC, a black publishing house which dates back to the mid-1970s.

Mike Kirkwood

## Multiracial pens

Roy Macnab

South African writing reflects the turbulence and confusion of a country where everything is being questioned as never before. Roy Campbell once said in a broadcast that South Africa repeated in exaggerated form the biblical story of the Tower of Babel whose builders, though united in purpose, were divided by language difficulties — to which South Africa (never exactly united in purpose) added the further complications of race, colour and cultural diversity. To simplify brutally: Afrikaners, holding the political reins, are re-examining their inheritance from the past in the works of Stellenbosch academics like Hermann Giliomee and André du Toit; Africans with their exploding numbers reckon that the future is in their sights; while English South Africa, the biggest English-speaking minority in the world, frets about its identity and clings to the language it shares with so many millions elsewhere.

No one better interprets English South Africa than Guy Butler. His first volume of autobiography, *Karoo Morning*, is a pawky charming evocation of the republic's English heartland, the Eastern Cape, between the wars. The second volume, *Bursting World*, takes his story up to 1945, by which time he had served with the South African Division in wartime Italy and composed such poems as "Cape Coloured Batman" (John Betjeman wrote that it expressed all the sadness and unsureness of South Africa). With roots deep in the colonial past, Butler seems to know who he is. Younger poets are much less sure. Chris Mann, who won the Newdigate Prize at Oxford a generation after Butler was there, is one of the best of these. In his *New Shades* there are ironic echoes of the tired old dilemma of liberal white South Africans: "I search my European bones . . . I listen to my African blood . . . I am torn between the two."

Butler, with questionmarks in his pocket for the coming weather. That always imminent future, what will it bring to a country preoccupied with barometers and horoscopes? In *Bishop Bernard's Door* Peter Strauss exemplifies a more darkly personal poetry: his "Photograph of a Communist" is disturbing: "the time ahead is slow; she watches it approach like a long tunnel, her cage/Of everywhere exile . . ."

"Everywhere exile" has been the lot of Lewis Nkosi, and of other black writers such as Es'kia Mphahlele, Alex la Guma, Bloke Modisane, who left South Africa two decades ago. Now living in Zambia, Nkosi has released his *Home and Exile*, first published in 1965, with some additional essays including sharp and shrewd assessments of works by Nadine Gordimer (*July's People*) and Alan Paton (*Ah, but your land is beautiful*). Collings. £12.50. 0 86036 198 5. Mphahlele has returned to South Africa, where he is now a university professor (Witwatersrand) and a

member of the advisory board of *Contrast*, the country's oldest literary review.

After a spell abroad the Afrikaners poet Breyten Breytenbach also went home, only to be put in prison for seven years on a treason charge. Now back in Paris, he is preparing his literary output of those unhappy years for the press. Meanwhile, we have *In Africa even the flies are happy*, selections from his prose and poems, 1964-77, translated by Denis Hirson: the book testifies to the extraordinary talents (the poet is also a painter) of this Afrikaner who has so disturbed the conscience of his fellow Afrikaners.

The disenchantment of leading Afrikaners writers with the Afrikaner establishment is investigated with insight by the novelist Jack Cope (for twenty years editor of *Contrast*) in *The Adversary Within: dissident writers in Afrikaans*. This is a valuable aid to the study of current trends in South Africa where not only writers but academics and some theologians are rethinking, not without pain, their destiny in Africa. In some quarters one detects almost a note of desperation, as for instance when a Marxist voice from the campus condemns as "futile liberalism" the stance of a literary journal such as *Contrast*.

Polarization proceeds apace. Walter Saunders, in his editor's foreword to *Quarry '80-'82*, a lively miscellany of new writing, refers to his difficulty in getting contributions from black writers (the poet Wally Serote is an exception): "Such reluctance was not part of the scene ten years ago. New voices among the 'Soweto Poets' have emerged, with a shift, it is said, 'from protest poetry to resistance rhetoric'. Black writers argue about the desirability of using English. Harry Mashabela, a leading black newspaper columnist, recently attacked what he called a growing black trend to reject *Isingisi* (English) for *IsiXhosa* (home language). 'Let English out of necessity be our common language', he wrote. If, as the prototypical Afrikaner intellectual, the poet N. P. van Wyk Louw, once said, English is South Africa's window on the world, then Afrikaners and Africans may have to omit language from their respective nationalisms; as a result of which English-speaking South Africans may feel themselves less in a corner in a country dominated by the politics of the one and the numbers of the other.

Guy Butler: *Bursting World*. £12.50. 0 86036 78 3. □ Chris Mann: *New Shades*. £3.75. 0 86036 54 6. □ Don MacLennan: *Reckonings*. £4.50. 0 86036 96 3. □ Peter Strauss: *Bishop Bernard's Door*. £4.50. 0 86036 94 5. These four books are all published by David Philip, Cape Town, and distributed in the UK by Global Book Resources. □ Lewis Nkosi: *Home and Exile*. Longman, Paperback, £4.50. 0 582 64406 2. □ Breyten Breytenbach: *In Africa even the flies are happy*. Calder. £3.95. 0 7145 3696 2. □ Jack Cope: *The Adversary Within*. Collings. £12.50. 0 86036 198 5. □ Walter Saunders (Editor): *Quarry '80-'82*. Johannesburg: Donker. 0 86852 005 5.

## Publishers are defined by their authors

Some authors currently published by David Philip in southern Africa are: Herbert Adam, Harry Bloom, Guy Butler, Jack Cope, Rodney Davenport, Anthony Delius, André du Toit, Hermann Giliomee, Stephen Gray, Beatie Head, Douglas Livingstone, Chris Mann, Todd Maishkiza, Z. K. Matthews, Ngugi wa Thiong'o, Sam C. Ntshungu, Alan Paton, Richard Rive, Robert Rothberg, R. van Zyl, Stabbert, Wole Soyinka, Sylvester Stalin, Can Themba, Hjalmar Thesen, Leonard Thompson, David Webster, Francis Wilson, Monica Wilson.



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## Scorning the sonnet

M. M. Carlin

KEN GOODWIN

Understanding African Poetry: A Study of Ten Poets  
204pp. Heinemann. £4.50.  
0 435 91326 5

Historians may one day conclude that French was the best European language for African poets to write in, while English was the worst. The distribution of stress in French, the flexibility of French metre and the strict expectations of decorum by the French seem to have given Francophone poets in Africa the right combination of ease and authority, in a medium that seems less alien. With English, on the other hand, the difficulties are heavily stressed. The most interesting and durable poems of the writers presented in *Understanding African Poetry* are in the main broadly political — that is, they have something to say from some definite point of view. The strength of this book is not Ken Goodwin's analysis, which despite occasional misjudgements is a respectful, even reverential, and astute, of these poets according to a schema which forms a sociological description of

African poetry. In this respect, Professor Goodwin is enlightening and instructive, for he places his poets — Dennis Brutus, Christopher Okotie, Leleke Peters, John Pepper Clark, Taban Lo Liong, Kofi Awoonor, Wole Soyinka, Gabriel Okara, Okot p'Bitek, Mzisi Kunene — roughly in the order of their Africanity, their independence of European models. The first four, whom he calls the "Internationalists", are those poets who "remained largely captive to the European, and particularly the British, tradition of poetry". The second group, of three poets (Taban, Awoonor, Soyinka), are those who "synthesized indigenous African traditions and the European tradition"; and the last three (Okara, Okot, Kunene) "were able to write as Africans with only minimal influence from Europe". Brutus, the first of the "Internationalists", is the only poet whose "native language is a European one. Africans, writes Kunene, the last, writes only in his native Zulu, but supplies his own translations into English.

Some African writers have rejected this distinction, yet there is no doubt that it exists and expresses itself in a certain way, which Goodwin also makes clear. Between Brutus and Kunene, there is indeed a cultural distance, if not so much a political one. The poems of Brutus are individual, collective, short. Goodwin influenced by European poetry: he has written at least one sonnet, and also pictured himself as a troubadour. Goodwin's analysis of Kunene, by contrast, are the 37,000 lines of his nationalist poem, *Emperor Shaka the Great: A Zulu Epic*. In the same vein is Wole Soyinka's *Open Seshen*, in which the Yoruba deity is identified with Kunene's Shaka. In a Pan-African, patriotic-revolutionary poem,

It should be said that none of the poets represented is derivative. What comes to knowledge of life. It would be impossible to find ten English poets of comparable age who had the same collective experience of oppression, imprisonment, violence and war as these two East Africans Taban and Okot, two South Africans (Brutus and Kunene), and six West Africans, one of whom was killed in a war and others involved in it.

Sonnet-like verse is not the forte of Anglophone African poets. The African collective — people, nation, culture, Africa itself — inspires a better poetry. There seems to be a loss in that direction not only in literature and if it continues, there will be loss as well as gain. The sonnet form will become rare indeed, and the reflective individual even more so. Ken Goodwin may have given us an image of the future.

Olive Schreiner and After: Essays on Southern African Literature in Honour of Guy Butler, edited by Mervyn W. Wyk. Smith and Don MacLennan. (233pp. Cape Town: Dawsons, 1982. £9.95. 0 86036 92 9). Contains twenty-three pieces collected to pay tribute to the poet and critic Guy Butler and to mark the centenary of the publication of *The Story of an African Farm* in 1883. Part One of the volume, which concentrates on the life and work of Olive Schreiner, includes essays by Nadine Gordimer, Alan Paton (on Schreiner's last novel *Troop*), Peter Hall (on *Maschonaland*), Laurence (on "Olive Schreiner and the Pan-Africanist Movement"), Vera Brittain and the Great War, Part Two, "Aspects of South African Literature", has essays by David Bradbrook, Rowland Smith, David Wright and others.

## Memorial

In a burnt-out winter garden in Johannesburg, I went to ask on iron ground, a miner: hear a sunken ore, when the evening has the meaty breath of a cured hide in a country store, the children are talking a girl with her face in her hands as if they can reach her, any time they choose. When suddenly she turns and under her accusing eye the garden is crowded with statues. The frozen bodies speak in injured undertones; ignore us, they say; we are here to be overlooked, and we are nothing but stones, and the void is full of tones.

There is a grave beside the national road this side of Villiers; near the Vail, three country where brown boulders of the district crowd a pale headstone. A soldier's grave, a holy krael where some hero lies alone and the never-dainty Jackal and the robbers were trapped there naturally in rocky country. There is nothing to be seen in passing, and it is not of a war we did not choose, and that we could not help but win. But if once passed, you turn without warning to the grave again, you would swear the stones are closing in.

Christopher Hope



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